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THE NATION

OCTOBER 16, 1967 *35 cents*

The Spirit of Fascism

Hooked on Law Enforcement

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LETTERS

the Lynd case

DEAR SIRS: On Sept. 17, the Board of Governors of State Colleges and Universities of Illinois will very likely reconsider the case of Staughton Lynd—a case, we believe, that raises issues of national importance. In July, the board rejected the appointment of Lynd as associate professor of history by Chicago State College, even though the appointment was unanimously recommended by the department of history and the president of the college.

The board . . . did "not question Dr. Lynd's ability as a scholar and as a teacher of history." Instead it held that his "public activities"—his advocacy of "nonviolent civil disobedience" and his trip to Hanoi in 1965-66—"go beyond mere dissent."

So far this case has attracted very little attention outside Illinois, but we are confident that many readers will agree with us that the board's action represents a particularly flagrant invasion of academic freedom. As such, it concerns everyone who values the right of dissent. We hope that readers of this letter, singly or in groups, will communicate with the board at Springfield, Ill., urging upon them the principle that a man's political views cannot be permitted to override the professional judgment of his peers. . . .

Professors at a dozen private and public universities have formed a Committee for Academic Freedom in Illinois, which is attempting to publicize the case and to support Professor Lynd's lawsuit against the board. Individuals who would like to sign the committee's statement of principles and contribute to a fund for legal defense are urged to communicate with one of the co-chairmen of the committee who have signed this letter.

Christopher Lasch, Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.
Alfred F. Young, Northern Illinois University
DeKalb, Ill.

restoring the consensus

Durham, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: I disagree with the assessment of many editors and writers that President Johnson is caught in a difficult dilemma, the conflict between a continuing gradual escalation in Vietnam or genuine efforts at negotiating a peace, each alternative guaranteeing further displeasure from large segments of the '68 electorate. Not a statesman, Johnson is very definitely a politician, too clever to commit political suicide. He will run in '68 and he will win. His victory will be assured by the deliberate involvement of this country in a war with China. In the summer of '68 we will be "provoked" into a defensive assault upon China. If that happens, and if history is any teacher, the people will not turn the incumbent President out in the heat of so perilous a venture. That is the morality I see in this President and this Administration, and that is the future I see for this country unless by some miracle the Congress (or someone, or something) turns Johnson's head in the next fourteen months. *Robert F. Crosson, Ph.D.*

one threat is enough

Lake Worth,, Fla.

DEAR SIRS: If our "over-kill" in thermonuclear weapons restrains the second largest possessor of such destructive forces, why the necessity to traverse the globe with our military forces? It would be sufficient if the President directed our UN Ambassador to notify world delegates that in the event any country practiced aggression against us, we would treat their people to the devastation we have reserved for Soviet Russia. . . . *George M. Fox*

EDITORIALS

Morton the Realist

Sen. Thruston Morton's switch from the pro-war to the anti-war side may well prove to be the key event in the 1968 election. A former GOP national chairman, Morton is respected by politicians of both parties for expertise and integrity. He added to his authority by the manner in which he changed his position. He simply said, "I was mistaken." This is the most effective way of avoiding fruitless discussion and the need for apologetics designed to prove that one can be right on both sides of a controversy. It also attracts attention by reason of its novelty. Other Senators could well make use of it.

In an interview with John H. Averill of the *Los Angeles Times,* Mr. Morton discussed the public reaction to his switch. He mentioned the overriding reason for making it, which is that he felt it to be in the national interest to end the Vietnamese War as soon as possible and therefore, as a matter of conscience, he could not continue to support the President. At the same time, he felt that he was voicing a view that a great body of citizens was beginning to adopt in their individual thinking. One reason for this swing in public sentiment is the duration of the war and the lack of any prospect of ending it by military means. At the same time President Johnson's mistakes, and his efforts to cover up, are becoming more evident every day. It has become imperative for responsible politicians of both parties to part company with him. Mr. Morton's timing was good. His speech of September 27 did not come out of the blue. In our issue of August 29 we noted editorially that he had changed his mind and had said so in an interview that was little noted at the time.

The underlying politics of the Presidential succession in 1968 furnishes ample reason for Morton's determination to drive the Republican Party toward a peace platform. The GOP is today a third party, as George Gallup pointed out in summarizing his latest poll. Out of every 100 adults, 42 describe themselves as Democrats, 31 as Independents and 27 as Republicans. If the Democrats cannot win as Democrats, much less can the Republicans win as Republicans. Experienced men like Morton, Cooper and Case see this clearly—and they know what is going on in the minds of that 31 per cent in the middle. Every day they are getting more sick of the war.

Another phase of the GOP campaign tends in the same direction. Nixon is pursuing Goldwater's 1964 tactic and his own tactic of 1960 in trying to corral delegates, a technique at which he has no equal. But this may not work in 1968 because of the large number of favorite-son delegations which did not exist in 1964, and—a point of cardinal importance—because the polls are superseding the primaries. Their temper is that a moderate Republican who is a critic of Johnson's war policy has an excellent chance of the nomination—and of being elected.

Whether the dump-Johnson movement will succeed is doubtful, but it does not have to succeed—Johnson

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can be got rid of without it. To be sure, the voters would have a wider choice if an end-the-war candidate were available on the Democratic side, but in that case the pressure to line up the Republican Party against the war would be reduced. As for the chances of a Republican hawk, at this juncture Morton does not rate them high. "Reagan doesn't know what goes on beyond the continental shelf," he says. He is more afraid of Johnson's switching to an end-the-war position. Johnson, Morton says, is the canniest politician alive, and once he becomes convinced that an overwhelming majority of the voters want out of Vietnam he may act. But he cannot do it as Morton did—with a candid avowal of error.

To rehabilitate the Republican Party requires a dump movement too, the dumpee being Senator Dirksen. What sensible, civilized men like Case, Morton and Cooper think of the old Illinois vaudevillian is better not quoted, but it can be imagined. As long as Dirksen speaks for the party, their work is not done.

But what Morton has done makes a start. There is a limited but effective logic in the two-party system. Morton wants to give the voters a chance to exploit this logic, and in this he demonstrates his political realism.

Cogs

Electronic data processing (see "The Punchcard Snoopers" by Phil Hirsch, p. 369) is one of the most intoxicating techniques of our age, and there is scarcely a major activity in the country, government or private, commercial or social, that is not busy applying the ubiquitous punchcard to its problems and functions.

With a data bank, every citizen's medical record could be available almost instantly to any hospital in the country; with a data bank, a fire department could know within minutes how many people lived in a blazing building. The historian Richard Hofstadter foresees that, with a data bank, the public could be polled any day, and if necessary every day, on matters of sovereign concern: the franchise might again be as responsive to the public weal as it was among the Athenians in the brief glory of their city-state. Governor Winthrop Rockefeller even discovered that, with a data bank, an instant Republican Party could be created in the one-party state of Arkansas.

Yet Mr. Hirsch contemplates this electronic marvel with acute uneasiness and Edgar Friedenberg ("Hooked on Law Enforcement," p. 360) suggests why. Technical innovations do not develop in a vacuum, or even according to their own nature. They are shaped by the social and political environment that spawns them. And, as Mr. Friedenberg describes in detail, this American decade is scarcely an ideal time in which to store away for instant availability the salient facts about every human being in the country. Such a compendium of almost godlike knowledge implies an almost godlike forbearance, but ours is an age when sanctions upon the individual, and techniques for applying them, grow ever more pressing.

As Mr. Hirsch shows, the facts about you that are solicited ostensibly for one purpose are readily and indiscriminately passed along for quite other purposes. Even when your vital statistics are not keyed to your name,

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1967 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 1256 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel.: GR 4-2533. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 205
No. 12

Combined with **FRONTIER**

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they go into a pool to create a "norm" to which you and a thousand others must conform in getting a loan, insurance, or a job. It is not who you are that counts, it is how you fit.

Behind this lies something that Mr. Friedenberg calls the spirit of fascism. He is not evoking concentration camps by that phrase but rather the disposition to treat people as cogs in a consensus. It is the peculiar faculty of the computer that it can reduce the most diverse and idiosyncratic data to cogs. There is no doubt that it can thus produce knowledge that was hitherto beyond our grasp. Nor is there doubt that much of this knowledge could prove valuable to a society whose complexity grows at a bewildering speed. But there is nevertheless every reason to doubt that we are prudent to feed these machines with information about ourselves for the use of institutions whose motives we do not know and have no reason to trust. The computer revolution is at least as radical as was the industrial revolution, and is capable of as much distortion of human lives.

CDC Convention

Long Beach, Calif.

The California Democratic Council's special convention here September 30 was not so spectacular as the conference on New Politics a month earlier in Chicago. However, Long Beach may prove to be more significant than Chicago. For the first time since our military adventure began in Vietnam, a group of Democrats is challenging President Johnson and his war policy within the electoral machinery of the party. The CDC, which represents 33,000 members and is the largest volunteer Democratic organization in the country, will send an anti-war slate of delegates to the 1968 National Convention.

It was all accomplished under Robert's Rules of Order and rather quietly, too. The decision to enter a peace slate was never in doubt. Twenty-one CDC directors who disapproved of the move had resigned and did not attempt to block the convention action. Those who spoke against the slate did so obviously for the record. While they spoke ("President Johnson is more interested in peace than anyone here," and "let's not split the party"), the delegates listened passively, occasionally booed or wandered out of the arena. When it was all over, what the convention had done with comparatively little fuss was to give 5 million California Democrats an opportunity next June to conduct a referendum on the war. Among the delegates supporting CDC's position was Edmund G. Brown, Jr., son of former Gov. Edmund G. Brown of California, who is among those in opposition. The political consequences may be serious for the West Coast Democrats. Charles Warren, state Democratic chairman, said the decision of the CDC "may well divide the efforts of those who share its goals." A member of Warren's law office sought and accepted a place on the steering committee.

When the peace slate was proposed at the last regular CDC convention in March, even its supporters had little hope of success. It was more a moral gesture than a practical political move. But the September 30 convention takes on real significance in the light of a recent professional poll, which reported that a peace slate at this time would get 39 per cent of the California Democratic vote. Gerald N. Hill, a young San Francisco attorney and president of CDC, and other CDC leaders are now convinced their slate will win if policy on Vietnam is unchanged.

Chicago was a shake of a fist at white America by a collection of Left radicals thoroughly alienated from the country's political institutions. Long Beach was a sharp dissent from the war, but also an expression of confidence that reform within the democratic process can bring the blacks and the poor into the American mainstream.

On Vietnam, the peace slate is pledged to support a party platform and candidate committed (1) to an immediate halt in the bombing of North Vietnam, (2) to negotiation—"including all participants"—and (3) to international guarantees for nonintervention in Vietnam.

The convention's keynote speaker, Dr. John Kenneth Galbraith, national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action and former Ambassador to India, favored a step-by-step de-escalation. "There is logic," he said, "on the side of those who say we should simply withdraw . . . . But I have also been conscious . . . of the need to persuade others. And it is more in the mood of the American people to take things by steps." Liberals and radicals, Galbraith said, are persuaded we must get out of Vietnam. Their task is to persuade public opinion. "Let us keep a clear distinction between political persuasion and political catharsis."

Power and Responsibility

Three recent events—Carl B. Stokes's victory in the Democratic primary for the office of mayor of Cleveland, the National Conference of Negro Elected Officials in Chicago, the naming of five Negroes to the new nine-member District of Columbia City Council, and of Walter E. Washington as the city's new Commissioner (in effect its mayor)—raise issues of major importance. Perhaps now the voices of elected and appointed Negro officials, who have the responsibility that goes with power, will be heard above the noise and clamor of the black nationalists. The election of Mr. Stokes, and of Richard Hatcher in Gary, Ind., should they be successful, would represent the transfer in these cities of a significant share of responsibility to the Negro communities, where it belongs. Cleveland, torn with racial unrest, managed to escape major violence this last summer largely because Negro voters did not want to injure Mr. Stokes's chances (he received 95 per cent of the Negro vote in the primary).

But today Negro elected officials are placed in an extremely difficult position. For the most part, they are middle-class Negroes. In some respects they too have been out of touch with sentiment in the "crisis ghettos." The Conference of Elected Negro Officials grew out of the realization, on the part of certain Negro officials in California, that they were not as fully aware of conditions in Watts as they had imagined themselves to be. Today the Negro official must keep in close and continuous communication with the residents of the "crisis ghettos" and must be able to articulate their demands. If he cannot maintain their allegiance and support, he is in serious

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trouble. At the same time he must be able to communicate effectively with the white community, for if he cannot meet—and fairly promptly—some of the more urgent needs of the Negro community his tenure in office will be brief and inglorious.

A great deal is riding, therefore, on the quality of the elected Negro leadership (some 500 Negroes are in office now and after November there will be more). But even more depends on the response of the white community. Locally and nationally, it must respond quickly, intelligently and sensitively to the needs of the Negro community as voiced by its elected officials. And since, as the experience in Cleveland, Gary and Memphis indicates, Negro candidates cannot rely on strong party support, they must have nonpartisan backing to win and, once elected, to accomplish what needs to be done. Any attempt by the white community to "use" elected Negro officials as lightning rods, as by electing them without giving them the support they need once in office, will backfire in the end. Negro officials must not be "used"; they must be supported on their merits as candidates and on their performance as office holders. The emergence of a responsible Negro leadership in positions of political power, particularly in the large cities, is essential to any solution of the present racial situation. But in the end the entire community will get the kind of Negro leadership it deserves—responsible if the whites act responsibly, irresponsible if they do not.

'The Damned Fool'

It takes a lot of courage for a young man to go to Vietnam with an infantry battalion and maybe return with his leg shot off, or in a flag-draped coffin. It takes even more courage to refuse to go. The latter course also calls for a certain amount of enlightenment. It is easier for a draftee to submit to being sent overseas if he doesn't know—perhaps would rather not know—what the war is about.

The ratio of the few who have that special kind of courage, in contrast to the many who do what they are told, can be estimated by the experience of 23-year-old army private, Ronald Lockman, described in the *San Francisco Chronicle* as a "nice-looking, soft-spoken Negro from North Philadelphia." He was drafted five months ago and, although he was a member of the W. E. B. DuBois Club, went through his training uneventfully—as "a good soldier," he says. He is not a pacifist; he would have fought in World War II had he been of military age. But when his unit was to be shipped to Vietnam, he held a press conference in San Francisco with his lawyer, Terrence Hallinan, to explain why he wasn't going. Then he reported for duty at the Oakland Army base and stood with ninety-nine fellow infantrymen, rifle at his side. The ninety-nine boarded buses for Travis Air Force Base; Lockman stood his ground. Now he awaits trial on charges of disobeying the lawful order of a commissioned officer and missing a scheduled transfer, offenses which carry a possible eleven-year term at hard labor and dishonorable discharge.

The ratio of 99 to 1 is not Lockman's fault. He did some canvassing among the members of his company and he believes that most of the men, white and black alike, supported his stand but feared being called unpatriotic and un-American—not to speak of eleven years in jail. Lockman explains his own readiness to defy the Army by saying that his fight was back home in the Philadelphia ghettos where he was born and raised. "I will not go 10,000 miles away to be a tool of the oppressors of the Vietnamese people," he says. "I feel it is about time to follow my own mind and do what I know is right."

The press and TV crew were not allowed past the gate at the Oakland base. Seeing the cluster of people, a woman driver stopped her car and asked, "What's going on?" A reporter told her. "Oh, is that all?" the woman said. "The damned fool!"

Blind conformity is built into the social system, but history often reveals the Lockman type of "damned fool" in another light. Many years after the Mexican War a lieutenant in that war, later a general officer, wrote: "I do not think there was ever a more wicked war than that waged by the United States on Mexico. I thought so at the time, when I was a youngster, only I had not moral courage enough to resign." His name was Ulysses S. Grant.

Beer in the Gallery

Ever since the cold war got into full career, connoisseurs have noted that the satirist's occupation was gone, at least in the realm of politics. The method of satire is to exaggerate, but when the events themselves are manifestly absurd or vicious, what is left for travesty? The satirist becomes merely a reporter.

A current instance is that of the observers who were dispatched as an inspired Presidential gimmick to attest to the validity of the Vietnamese election. Admitting that they had no means of detecting fraud, they nevertheless obliged the President by marveling at the emergence of democracy in South Vietnam. Three of the observers were political scientists whose background was noted in a *Nation* editorial, "The Experts" (September 18). With reservations that could easily be overlooked, they certified the elections as being on the up-and-up, or at least no more tainted than our own.

But what happened then? Troublemakers in the South Vietnam National Assembly, not satisfied with the American verdict, persisted in investigating anew. A special elections subcommittee recommended by a vote of 16 to 2 that the elections be invalidated on grounds of irregularities. The Assembly had to accept or reject the report of the committee. If they accepted it, political chaos would ensue. The members had another reason for rejecting the report and confirming the victors, Lieut. Gen. Nguyen Van Thieu and Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, in the offices of President and Vice President, respectively. In the gallery, drinking beer, sat Brig. Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan, the South Vietnamese Beria, who can jail anybody in the country and who had already jailed peace candidate Truong Dinh Dzu, who scored the highest vote among the civilian candidates.

The Assembly prudently voted 58-43 to confirm the "victorious" slate. The rejoicing of the American Em-

(Continued on page 372)

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THE WORLD IS THE PROBLEM

HARVEY WHEELER
Mr. Wheeler is a staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, and the author of its publications, The Rise and Fall of Liberal Democracy *and* The Restoration of Politics.

The problems dividing the world are often stated in terms of ideological differences between the liberal and the collectivist democracies. This leads quickly to disputes involving the conflicts between individual liberties and economic justice, and to charges and countercharges employing epithets such as capitalist imperialism and Communist expansionism. An inspection of these conflicts reveals that they all share one thing in common: they are international rather than mondial. That is, they are stated in terms of the components making up the world rather than in terms of the problems of the world as a community. The distinction is like that made by economists when they contrast the micro-economic problems of the individual unit with the macro-economic problems of the economy as a whole.

It will be objected immediately that macro-economics does not exist on the level of the world as a whole. There *is* no world community. It would seem to follow that the only way one can state the economic problems of the world is in the terms through which they present themselves to us. Therefore, the only realistic way of stating world economic problems is in terms of the separate communities that actually exist, namely, the nation-states. To repeat, actual economic problems *are* international, not mondial.

This is indisputably true. However, it is just as true that if one persists in stating economic problems in terms of the presently existing components of the world, it will be almost impossible—if not certainly impossible—ever to see the world economy as a whole. And if we cannot even conceive of world economic problems in terms of the world as one community (a community, admittedly, that has yet to be formally ratified), it will be very difficult, if not impossible, ever to see how the various international components that now exist will have to comport themselves in order to become the macro-economic community of the world. So, let us inspect the above issues with the world as a single community in mind, and see where they lead us.

If one looks at the world economic community from the standpoint of its poor nations, all rich nations look surprisingly alike. This is not to deny that the rich nations differ among themselves in many details. Their negotiations are conducted under different auspices. General Motors and AMTORG show but few resemblances to each other. Yet both are from capital-rich nations. Their internal differences are swallowed up by their external similarities. Both, when they approach the poor nations, represent the interests of the rich. The overall economic situation is one in which those who are rich in capital tend to act in much the same way regardless of the highly publicized ideological differences that are said to distinguish them.

Capital is color blind. It carries with it very nearly the same imperatives whether it is all red, or red, white and blue. Any nation that is in a position to invest capital in other nations wishes to maximize the return on its investment. And while the specific kinds of returns desired by the various capital suppliers may differ greatly, these differences tend to disappear when seen through the eyes of the poor. The point is simple: advanced industrial nations, of whatever ideological hue, occupy similar economic positions in the world and have similar economic interests to protect. These similarities are most apparent to the poor, for the poor also have special interests which they hold in common.

The result of this situation is that the more vigorously the capital-rich nations pursue their own economic interests throughout the world, the more grievous becomes the situation of the poor. It is hard to see how matters could be expected to turn out otherwise. And the fact is that in recent years the capital-rich nations have indeed been getting richer. On the other hand, the poor nations have stagnated or fallen behind. That is, the rate of economic development among the poor either barely keeps up with their rising needs or, in some cases, has even begun to fall, relative to needs. More of this later.

This state of affairs recalls to mind the description Marx gave to the worsening condition of the 19th-century working classes. If one regards the world as a single political community, the poor nations within that community can be viewed as the world counterparts of the working classes within the nations of the 19th century. And the capital-rich nations confront the poor in the stance of ruling classes. There is nothing new in this proposition. Long ago, Arnold Toynbee referred to the world's poor nations as the "external proletariat" of the advanced industrial nations. Before that, Socialists had made a similar point in claiming that the capitalist nations had "exported" their unemployment problem through imperialist exploitation of the world's colonial areas. It must only be re-emphasized that the important part of the simile between nations and classes concerns not only the poor but also the rich. For all capital-rich nations treat the poor in pretty much the same way regardless of whether they are liberal or collectivist. In short, Russia, Japan, the United States, Germany and England approach Nigeria, Cambodia and Uruguay, etc., in much the same way that 19th-century capitalists approached the working classes.

But what is the reaction of the poor? Here again a rough parallel can be drawn. The poor do not respond collectively. Instead, they respond as individuals. Each seeks his own individual betterment. The immediate reaction of each is to try to bargain separately against the rich as well as possible. It is necessary to use raw materials, market concessions, diplomatic pressures and long-term contracts in order to entice economic benefits from the capital-rich countries. That is, each poor nation,

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acting as a sovereign, independent state, seeks to acquire more capital goods of its own and more subsistence goods for itself alone.

In order to do this effectively it obviously becomes necessary first to qualify as a sovereign nation-state. The poor struggle—perhaps prematurely in some cases—for national independence in order to proceed more expeditiously in the business of development and modernization. They must have their "union card" of national sovereignty in order to enter the international capital market effectively. They must enroll as nations at the United Nations. They must jealously protect their sovereign integrity. They must become adamant defenders of the principle of sovereignty in defiance of movements toward world order that appear to threaten its infringement. For they believe that without their sovereignty they would lose their ability to negotiate freely. They believe that any infringement of their sovereignty would cause them to fall even further behind in their struggle for development.

It is obvious that this way of thinking corresponds to what Marx called "trade union consciousness," when he reflected on the immediate reactions of the 19th-century working classes to their depressed conditions. And the same criticisms Marx made of trade union consciousness now apply to the "state sovereignty consciousness" that exists among today's poor nations. It leads only to *ad hoc*, reformist and gradualist improvements. But the situation of the poor is so grievous, and is worsening at so rapid a rate, that much more profound measures are required. For the cause of their difficulties traces to the overall system of relationships in which they and the rich find themselves. Nothing less than a change in the overall system in which they are encompassed will improve the condition of the poor.

The logic of all this would appear to indicate that so long as the poor insist on jealously maintaining their own sovereign independence they will condemn themselves to continue suffering the depressed status they now experience. In this special context the sovereignty principle means economic nationalism. But as we have seen, economic nationalism is the game of the rich. It is a game poor nations can never win.

Now we are brought back to the question with which we started. For the one thing that the rich are agreed upon, regardless of their other differences, is the paramount need to protect economic nationalism. Indeed, in the collectivist democracies economic affairs are nationalized by actual law. They are even more adamant defenders of economic nationalism than are the liberal democracies. Moreover, it appears that the collectivist democracies may one day become the leading "capitalists"—that is, the most formidable capital-rich actors—in the world theatre. For no matter how big General Motors and A.T.&T. become, they are not likely to rival the economic power of the USSR or that of the centrally coordinated economies such as Japan. The other side is that no matter how much capital development Ghana, for example, acquires, it can never hope to bargain equitably against *either* General Motors or the USSR.

Moreover, bad as is the situation of the poor today, everything indicates that it will deteriorate at an ever-increasing rate during the next few years. Gunnar Myrdal has given us indisputable empirical evidence of this fact, should we be tempted to avert our eyes or trust blindly in some providential improvement:

(1) Capital inflow to the poor is declining and it is changing into types less and less suited to their real, long-term needs.

(2) The population explosion is just getting under way.

(3) Agricultural productivity is not increasing in proportion to needs. In short, the poor nations figure to get even poorer while the rich will become even richer. Our above simile comparing the working classes of the 19th century with the poor nations of the 20th century now becomes quite disturbing. For the condition of the world today appears to conform to the classical description of a revolutionary situation.

What is the solution? The only hope appears to lie in the renunciation of the world counterpart of the private property principle; the renunciation, that is, of the principle of economic nationalism. Let us give the name economic mondialism to the alternative. Economic mondialism is the world counterpart of national collectivism. That is, it implies the world counterpart of a Socialist revolution. This seems to be what is required before the poor nations can truly improve their lot. Nationalization must give way to mondialization. World ownership of certain of the most fundamental forms of capital must be the solution of the future.

What would economic mondialization mean? For one thing, it would mean vesting ownership of certain types of capital in a world authority. This would entail the creation of a more effective world order. In the beginning, however, quite rudimentary institutions would suffice. For example, with only a few administrative changes the World Bank could qualify as an example of mondial ownership. Similar authorities could be instituted for the control and exploitation of the riches of the seas. The world's atmosphere and control over its use must soon be vested in a world authority. It is not reasonable to allow private firms or even individual nations to possess space satellites as private property. Regulation and control of world communications and the use of world airways is needed already. The approaching capacity to influence and control weather will require a world authority. The development and use of atomic energy can be made just, equitable and free of danger only through a world authority. The world's major canals must shortly come under the control of a world authority.

But beyond this, world redistributions of agricultural surpluses and allocation of certain basic commodities, such as steel, will be required to alleviate the plight of the poor nations. But in all these cases, the important thing is to make sure that these new world authorities are independent of domination by the major capital-rich nations. Something comparable to the national principle of the independence of the judiciary is required: a world economic counterpart of the principle of the rule of law. For the so-called "welfare state" approach will

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not suffice. The welfare approach depends upon the enlightened humanitarianism of the capital-rich nations, and there is no reason to expect that it will work any better on the world level than it does on the national.

In the long run every nation of the world, rich and poor, will benefit from such maneuvers. But in the relatively short run the rich may feel that their present rate of growth will be adversely affected. One cannot, therefore, expect capital-rich nations to introduce such measures of their own free will. The rich will never curb their immediate impulses unless they receive sufficiently forceful pressures from outside. But how can this happen unless the poor perceive their interests collectively? This would require the poor to abandon their present state of sovereignty-consciousness in favor of a new world-consciousness. For reason would indicate that the poor *should* be the ones to demand the institution of the principle of world ownership of the chief means of production. Only then would the rich accede. Only then would a just solution to the world's economic problems become possible.

At this point, however, it must be admitted that the history of reform movements gives little ground for hope that matters will turn out exactly this way. Really effective reforms and revolutions appear to initiate from certain displaced middle-class intellectuals, rather than from the poor on their own initiative. But here again, today's world seems to have learned its prehistory well. Todav's world happens to contain a series of just such potential leaders. England, France and Scandinavia, among others, are the world's displaced middle-class intellectuals. They might possibly furnish the leadership and the spark of world consciousness that the poor require to inaugurate the revolution of world ownership.

World peace through world ownership is the theme of this essay. But not only world peace, world order as well. For the history of man's effort to forge true political unions appears to indicate that the creation of a community follows the possession of common property. This is shown, among other instances, by the early history of the Christian churches. There must be common goods, owned in common, before there can be *a* common good. Because the most elementary problem of the common good is what to do about what is held in common.

THE SPIRIT OF FASCISM

HOOKED ON LAW ENFORCEMENT

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

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"In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, everyone lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship," John Stuart Mill observed in his essay *On Liberty.* It is hard to imagine what he would have said about life in 1967, in the days of the transistorized martini olive or—as in the action of the Buffalo police against my colleague Leslie Fiedler—the transistorized teeny-bopper. His statement is now truer than he could ever have imagined. There have been few times and places in history in which people have not lived as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. But not everyone. What was modern about Mill's experience of social constraint was that it affected the highest as strongly as the lowest; in some cases, more strongly. Traditionally, one assumes otherwise; the aristocracy is supposed to be licentious with impunity. Censorship and other forms of oppression are ordinarily directed by the legally constituted authorities against those who challenge them; and the authorities represent their most powerful social groups and assert the legitimacy of their demands on their subordinates. When this becomes no longer true, it is questionable that there really is any longer an upper class; for status has not much meaning in the absence of power. This decline of the upper class, and along with it the decline of personal liberty, was the novel aspect of the phenomenon Mill witnessed, its central element of social change. The censorship of which he complained, though ubiquitous, was largely unofficial and informal; it was not imposed from above. The hostile and dreaded censor was everywhere, was one's neighbor, was oneself. But he was real enough, and his actions were as binding as those of any inquisitor.

It is this sense of being under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship that I have called the spirit of fascism. In my judgment it has gotten steadily stronger since the beginning of the 19th century, though in some respects also less crude. Nothing as strident and uncivil as Hitler is likely to erupt again in the form he made familiar. Brown shirts, to paraphrase the singing group called the Mothers of Invention, don't make it. But the basic trend continues.

There is little that is oppressive in our life in this country today that Tocqueville, writing twenty years before Mill (who draws heavily on his work), did not anticipate. But clarity may be improved by focusing on a specific, contemporary form the spirit of fascism is taking. I could most easily have used the public school system and its practices as my source of examples; but so much of my writing has been devoted to this increasingly dismal topic that I prefer, on this occasion, to look elsewhere. An equally informative, and depressing, peculiarity of modern life in America is the sacredness of the police as a social institution, especially among the less sophisticated lower-middle class—the people with

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"Support your local police" bumper stickers who enliven their lives by reading about child molesters in the Sunday supplements.

This does not, of course, imply that such people never find fault with their police. Indeed, police spokesmen are probably justified in their frequent complaint that they face increasing distrust and disrespect in attempting to discharge their duties. But what is criticized is usually some specific police action. There is no complaint about the ideology police power expresses; in the mass media and among "straight" people, at least, each successive incident of police brutality or violation of civil liberty is regarded as an exceptional case—a malfunction, to be condoned, dismissed, or in rare cases investigated, in order to determine what went wrong. This is rather the attitude Shakespeare takes toward royalty in his plays; in them there are kings who do a bad job, and even bad kings, but never a critical examination of the institution of royalty itself.

This suggests that there was something in the Elizabethan social climate that was inimical to any notion that the monarchy itself, or any assumption underlying it, might be a source of social problems. There is, I believe, a closely corresponding mechanism that operates in our society to limit criticism of police constraint.

In any case, no American speaking in any official capacity today dares to say, "No, it is *not* always better for the law to be enforced!" or "So far as we can judge by the evidence to date, race riots in American cities are usually precipitated by police action, and in the absence of zealous law enforcement they would probably not occur." No more would he declare that "pot-busts, not marijuana, are what is demoralizing the students in my school, and until there is some positive evidence that the stuff is at least as harmful as alcohol we are not going to cooperate with any more of them." All of these are reasonable assertions with a stronger empirical basis than the policies now in effect have to rest on, but they are never publicly made. Instead, the defenders of liberty accept the assumption that law enforcement is good in itself and argue only about whether a particular law should be repealed or whether due process has been violated. Even when it has, enforcement is still regarded as the greater good. Governor Hughes of New Jersey praised the action of the police and National Guard in the Newark riots, in which they committed most of the violence that occurred, while promising that individual abuses of police power would be investigated. Earlier, California State Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh had been equally laudatory about the action of the Los Angeles police in suppressing with great brutality the demonstration against President Johnson's appearance at the Century Plaza Hotel. Yet simply on the basis of past observation of the Newark and Los Angeles social scenes, and of the role the police had come to play in them, any rational observer could have predicted the course that police intervention would follow. To say that unfortunate abuses occurred and look for their cause in particular idiosyncracies is like explaining away the relationship between smoking and lung cancer in terms of individual susceptibility—which does, indeed, affect *who* the victims will be—instead of admitting that your local police may be dangerous to your health.

Our reverence for law enforcement is not an expression of respect for law itself. We are a lawless and unruly people, as peoples go. Notoriously, the same Congressmen who trumpet their indignation as they propose increasingly harsh legislation against rioters or draft-card burners turn out to be the ones who are implicated in dubious transactions. This is not hypocrisy; wheeling and dealin are attempts to evade the law, not to defy it. The Congressman, once caught, is usually as tearful and repentant as a spanked child may be; if, like Mr. Powell, he isn't, he *does* become an object of intense hostility.

What Americans demand of themselves and one another is not respect for the law, or respect for authority —a tradition of griping and derision toward authority is our standard way of concealing from ourselves that, in fact, we submit to it instead of saying, quietly and solemnly like Bartleby, "I prefer not to." We demand, rather, submission to popular sovereignty. The policeman represents more than the law, and something different from the law; policemen, in fact, find themselves somewhat at a disadvantage in open court where the defendant and the witnesses enjoy formal protection. He represents the values and social attitudes of the common man, the anxieties and resentments of what, in some respects, is the most deprived level of society. Young men who choose to become law-enforcement officers are, after all, choosing a comparatively low-paying and dangerous job whose chief appeal must come from its bureaucratized security and the opportunities it provides for controlling the lives of others. This control may be benevolently exercised; in many cities the police informally and with little extrinsic reward in fact perform the services that preserve poor and desperate people from disaster—stopping husbands from beating up wives, getting sick people to the hospital, cooling down scenes of violence—and which are supposed to require the skills of professional social workers.

But the processes of self-selection that determine who will devote their lives to law-enforcement insure that the police officer will, on balance, be hostile to liberty and to any form of uncontrolled spontaneous behavior, though stereotyped forms of disorderly conduct may be tolerated with good humor. Police have a built-in bias against youth, hippies and other undersocialized persons, and sometimes add insult to the injury they have done them by winking at gross disorder if it is a kind that seems conventional.

Last spring, for example, the same police who had been making life miserable for the more turned-on students at the Davis campus of the University of California (by their obsessive preoccupation with marijuana) quite willingly stopped traffic on a major street adjacent to the campus for an hour or so to permit students in two fraternities to pelt one another with garbage and rotten fruit in a battle that had become traditional. While this undermined whatever confidence the hippy students may have had in the integrity of the police, the incident is understandable—indeed, revealing—as an example of the

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capacity of the police to distinguish forms of disorder which indicate genuine rejection of social norms from forms which don't.

There is nothing peculiarly American about this; people do not become law-enforcement officers anywhere in order to serve as guardians of liberty. What does seem more intense here is a panic determination to praise the kind of order the police enforce and limit any challenge to questions of procedure and technique. We are hooked on law enforcement. There is no other country in which the secret police, however powerful, have enjoyed the degree of social endorsement and approval accorded the FBI. It takes courage in this country even to demand due process. But this, important as it is, does not get to the heart of the matter. Returning, for example, to the Fiedler case, even *if* the police had used unquestionably ethical methods of gathering evidence, is it desirable that they, even with a valid warrant, burst into the house and arrest its residents, subjecting them in the process to the consequent indignities that have since been fully reported elsewhere? The action is wholly destructive; nothing is gained to compensate for the waste and suffering that are caused by compelling people to exhaust their emotional and intellectual resources in struggling just to preserve themselves, under conditions of shock and anxiety, instead of continuing to use their energy to illuminate our lives.

All societies sacrifice some measure of individual creativity to the maintenance of order, but societies differ in their conception of order and of its source; and some have been governed, at least for a time, by a nobler conception of order than that which can be imposed by a "hostile and dreaded censorship."

Why, then, do we continue to respond to such clichés as "Nobody gets special treatment around here, no matter what they do or how smart they are," or, "As long as it's on the books, the law must be enforced," or "There aren't any privileged sanctuaries for lawbreakers in our community," as if the only thing wrong with them was that they were corny, naive or hypocritical. While nobody believes such statements (though children in school are forced to accept them) and while no society—no military platoon, even, in which they were in fact true could function—we still agree that they represent an ideal.

Why? In part because one of our basic cultural beliefs associates law with order; though, as Paul Goodman has so often stated, the law does at least as much to promote disorder as to preserve order, since it continually interferes with the processes of civic and political homeostasis and accommodation, creating problems where none would otherwise exist and impeding efforts to solve those that do. There are cities in America which remain bearable and viable, or barely viable, simply because their governments are corrupt; being corrupt they can get a little something done, instead of being absolutely impotent.

But a more basic reason, surely, is that the law-enforcement process is thought of as democratic, as more democratic than the law itself, since the courts are dominated by smooth-tongued lawyers, while the police represent —and, indeed, act out—the anxieties and sentiments of the populace as well as, and often rather than, the commands of the law. Where the two are in conflict, the police remind individuals that they have overstepped the social norms. The victims may win on appeal, but it takes a decade and costs a fortune. Police action, rather than conviction in court, is the real sanction.

To criticize law enforcement as a social function, rather than to direct one's complaints to specific abuses, is therefore to challenge the democratic process itself. The socially acceptable response, instead, is to say that the law should be changed, but the police must be obeyed till it is. In practice, even this is more than an angry and hostile community will often tolerate. It was precisely Professor Fiedler's sponsorship of an organization which advocated legalizing marijuana that drew the wrath of local authorities on him. But legal forms of advocacy and protest may also, in practice, be not only futile but humiliating, as the advocate comes to perceive that his adversaries are counting on his willingness to abide by the rules to insure that he makes no progress in the contest, that the futility of his protest has been programed into the system so that his adherence to legitimacy makes him a fall guy. This is what is happening with pot and also what has happened to both the civil rights and Vietnamese War protest movements, and accounts for much of the bitterness which makes Rap Brown seem much more relevant today than Dr. King.

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Much of the present split between the liberals and social activists comes, I believe, from the activists' growing conviction that they can't win on any of these issues under the working rules of American democracy. It seems reasonably clear that here and now the American people are not turned against the war by depictions of its brutalities or by the memorable contradictions in the statements of public leaders, though they do dislike paying for it and having it dislocate their personal plans. Nor were they appalled when Andrew Jackson—the leader and custodian of the American democracy Tocqueville observed—defied a Supreme Court decision and destroyed the settled and literate Cherokee Indians—whose willingness to adopt ways that had recently become American made them a peculiar threat to their white rivals—by forcing them from their North Carolina homes on a death march to Oklahoma that seems, in its conception and its execution, to have been a century ahead of its time.

It seems intolerably doctrinaire, in the face of such events occurring repeatedly since the republic was founded, to persist in assuming that American democracy, for some reason, would provide an optimum climate for the growth of freedom and dignity if it were only working right; and that the abuses are accidents rather than expressions of its spirit. Our efforts to reconcile Vietnam and racial bigotry with the stated values of our social system have surpassed the desperation with which the Ptolemaic astronomers sought to prevent the observations of Copernicus and Kepler from revealing that what actually happens in the solar system just wasn't like their model.

The American social system has many remarkable features: its material standard of living; its power to implicate nearly all of us in whatever policy its leaders undertake by persuading us that we were involved in its formulation; and, above all its remarkable genius for exploiting individual ambition to achieve antagonistic cooperation rather than overt conflict among people of very different backgrounds. But it is not a society in which individuals are treated with respect, and never was. If its founders had conceived that it might be, they would surely have had no reason to begin that portion of the Constitution which seeks specifically to safeguard crucial areas of personal liberty with the flat prohibition, "Congress shall make no law . . ." No document, however, can effectively protect liberty in a society where political action, to be legitimate, must continually be ratified by people who despise and fear it.

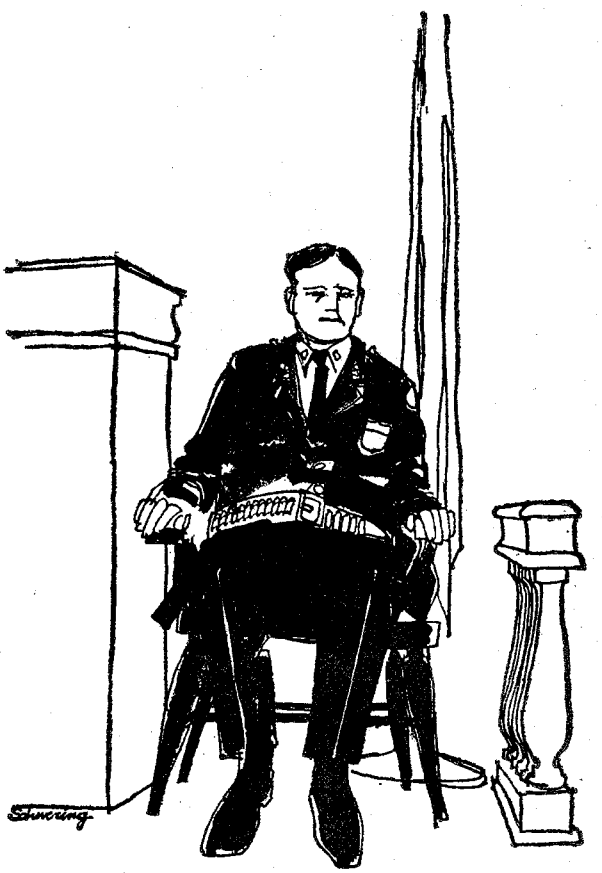
Historically, our political tradition holds that the impulse toward freedom and dignity comes from the hearts of the people, whom our institutions are designed to protect from the constraints and domination of privilege. It is an old and powerful tradition, strong enough to have led the aristocratic Stendhal to perceive Napoleon as a liberator. Many of those who favored democracy, on balance, as the most promising of possible social systems, remained cautious, however, particularly if they had the responsibility for actually advancing democratic social institutions. Tocqueville—himself an aristocrat who never lost either his principles or his poise, though his father was put to death in the French Revolution—held that society would inevitably become more egalitarian and that democratic social institutions provided the best hope of keeping it decent and orderly, though at great cost in freedom, diversity and human fidelity.

The founding fathers not only chose to construct a system of checks and balances biased in favor of settled men of property; they were deliberately disingenuous in writing the Declaration of Independence. Carl Becker, in his classic work, recounts, with illustrations from successive drafts of the Declaration, their rather comical difficulties in ascribing to harmless, nutty old George III the oppressive acts which they knew quite well to be Acts of Parliament, but which had to be interpreted as monarchical abuses in order to justify secession.

Plenty of social critics—and these not inimical to liberty and human dignity—have argued that the source of the hostile and dreaded censorship was the growing power of the mass itself in political democracies that were functioning very much as might be expected from their design and structure. Besides Tocqueville and Mill there have been Henry Adams, T. S. Eliot and Ortega, to name the most consistent and obvious. The thought of all these men is familiar, but it cuts across our ideological grain.

We continue, then, to connect democracy and liberty in such a manner as to assume that advances in the scope of popular control should enhance the quality of freedom, though there seems more reason to expect the contrary. At this point in our civic life, invasion of privacy is at least as pressing a social problem as broadening the base of political decisions.

This is not to deny the urgency of our need to make



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civic processes responsive to those who must now live—as the urban poor, for example, do—at the mercy of decisions they are powerless to influence, for every individual has a right to participate in the social processes that bear on his life and dispose of his person and his resources. But if the exercise of that right is not to strengthen even further the operation of the hostile and dreaded censorship, it is imperative that the American people be enjoined from intruding on other persons' lives, whether those others be their fellow citizens or unfranchised long-haired youths and nomads or Vietnamese peasants.

We have no such reticence today. Empirically, even liberals operate as if they knew that it was usually unwise to turn to the instruments of popular sovereignty as allies in the defense of personal freedom. Surely, no university president has ever rebuffed a critic who objected to the presence of controversial speaker or student organization on campus by saying: "If I interfered with my students' freedom to hear whom they choose and support such causes as seem just to them, the legislature would launch an investigation!" Still, the idea that personal freedom is lodged in popular sovereignty retains its strength, and remains, indeed, the basis for legitimation of democratic government.

It is this assumption that consensus holds the key to moral as well as legal authority that makes it difficult for a liberal to scrutinize critically the specific values actually involved in rigorous enforcement of marijuana laws or compulsory school attendance or the Selective Service Act. Yet underlying our deference to the institutions of popular sovereignty is not only the democratic tradition but realistic fear as well—fear of the *ressentiment* of a vast majority of individuals who have been lured by the promises of a seductive economic system into meaningless sacrifices of personal fulfillment for the sake of fitting in to a society that has no use for them as people and cannot even allow them the leisure or the privacy in which to reflect on what their lives have become. If the headsman and the memory of Thomas Cromwell were fearsome enough to discourage the Elizabethans from too fundamental an examination of monarchy, so is the unyielding sullenness of a Congress which hates the poor too much to provide decent housing; and the suspicion and misery in the eyes of motel owners, TV announcers, smiling stewardesses and senior citizens in leisure towns are enough to terrify most men of good will who might be interested in a closer scrutiny of the meaning of American democracy.

Is it possible to conceive of an American society organized so as to be less destructive in its psychological impact on those who must live in it, one that would subject us less to the hostile and dreaded censorship? No doubt it is, but societies have not much free choice. They are not constructed; they evolve, and even the forms their revolutions take are molded by their peculiar heritage, of which their members are at once victims and beneficiaries. The peculiar demands and opportunities offered by our economic system have surely played a fundamental role in making us what we are, but whether at this point we would become very different under another system, or could devise and execute the change, is another question. We might.

It does seem clear, as Jules Henry has argued in *The Nation* ["Capital's Last Frontier," April 25, 1966]), that the most oppressive features of our foreign policy stem from our colonialism, particularly our need to expand capital investment in Asia rather than merely seek new markets there. Much of our national economy, particularly in California, is dependent not only on the war but on winning enough of a victory in it to permit us to reestablish and surpass the economic interests in Asia of which communism threatens to deprive us. Such factors as this have often led, as they have led us, to aggressive expansion and war.

But much of the horror of what we are doing in Vietnam and elsewhere stems from the fact that we depend on capital investment not only for affluence but for self-esteem, and this seems a peculiar feature of the American corporate economy. Tocqueville specifically noted this, too: the unusual dependency of a democratic middle class on a high standard of living in order to think well of itself. Today, the mass media exploit this connection so thoroughly that it is impossible for the poor to retain any self-respect unless they become alienated from the society and reject its reward-system; and this would not be true, or *as true,* in a Socialist country.

But this, as Franklin Roosevelt—no mean defender of the free-enterprise system himself, it now appears—used to say, is an iffy question. What is perfectly clear is that under our system the social fabric has been stretched so tight by the frustrations involved in seeking self-esteem under the eye of the hostile and dreaded censorship that it is ripping. Both the hippy movement and the summer riots have served notice that there are limits to the degree of control that can be derived from vigilant assertion of legitimate authority. The authority may be formally unimpeachable and may be used as a basis for jailing and sometimes killing the protestors and rioters, but it is then thoroughly apparent that repression has solved nothing and the invocation of legal norms has shamed no one and occasioned no repentance.

I do not mean to suggest that hippies and slum rioters are natural allies. I wish they could be; but I fear that, except in very special circumstances, they are more likely to be adversaries. Youth protest in America, as Goodman has stated in his *Playboy* article and elsewhere, is middle class in origin and aristocratic in attitude. Hippies, who have mostly emerged from the middle-class bag they felt was suffocating them, put the social system down and treat the rewards poor urban looters demand with a destructive irony that must be insulting to people who have never enjoyed them.

Student activists, who are not exactly hippies but who usually have more in common with them than with the urban poor, report that their major difficulty in organizing draft resistance in the slums is that for many poor Negro youths the army, even Vietnam, seems an opportunity—and is one. Basically, the rioters want what the society values and are looting in protest against being deprived of it; they are so much less alienated than hippies that

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the motives of the two groups are in fundamental conflict.

Less abstractly, it seems very likely that as urban Negroes gain more opportunity they will join the ranks of the hippy haters. These are primarily persons who have recently become respectable—like many policemen, school officials and municipal bureaucrats—and fear that any sudden movement may dislodge their new status. Such people hate both hippies and *unruly* Negroes, which provides, for the moment, a common cause. But the latter may also *be* anxious, upward mobile Negroes, or Toms. Aspiring Negro teachers often treat lower-class Negro children more severely than they do white, or than white teachers do. Former school Superintendent Willis in Chicago relied for years on an elderly and formidable Negro matron on his board as his staunch ally in defending the Chicago school system against the demands of uppity civil rights militants. Hippy youth, angry and exhausted by continual harassment, sometimes say of themselves: "We're the new niggers!" But a large, and increasing, number of Negroes today are, in this sense, the new Irish or the new Italians—the black caucus seems reluctant to be the new Jews—and are likely to be as uptight and hostile to flower children as any ethnic group that is having troubles with marginality.

Nevertheless, both hippies and rioters have succeeded this year in challenging the hegemony of the uptight way of life, and the adequacy of the legal norms from which it derives its right to use force and violence. That their direct and sometimes unlawful social action is alarming to the general public is undeniable; that it may occasion more repressive legislation, and elicit more severe violence from the authorities is probable, and tragic. But there seems no less costly way of raising fundamental questions about American polity and its legal and moral bases, among a people who see no incongruity in judging their country's foreign policy by the degree of endorsement it receives on public opinion polls. That's the way we check ourselves; we think we're voting on someone else!

GHETTO REDEVELOPMENT

Corporate Imperialism for the Poor

RICHARD A. CLOWARD and FRANCES FOX PIVEN

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The "urban crisis" has clearly become a full-blown political crisis. Just as clearly, national elites are responding by fashioning the outlines of a plan to forestall further violence. The plan features public subsidies to induce private enterprise to redevelop the ghetto—at both high profit and low risk.

Political leaders are stumbling over one another in their haste to promote corporate intervention in the ghetto. Senator Kennedy has proposed tax advantages for large-scale investors who can be persuaded to build low-rental housing, at profits of between 12 and 19 per cent. Another Kennedy bill would extend similar tax benefits to big employers who agree to locate in ghettos and hire local residents. Senator Javits, focusing on somewhat smaller entrepreneurs (tax advantages work best for big investors), is calling for a "domestic development bank," funded by public and private capital, from which redevelopers could borrow at low cost. Governors and Presidential aspirants are also busy. Romney toured seventeen urban slums across the nation (in nineteen days), and Rockefeller has proposed a quasi-public "New York State Urban Redevelopment Corporation" (to be launched with $50 million of public funds) which would work with local, state and federal agencies to promote private investments in ghetto housing and industry. Recently, the President announced that the nation's major life insurance companies were prepared to invest $1 billion in redevelopment—thus initiating a "creative private-government partnership," according to *The New York Times*. What makes this partnership attractive to insurance companies is the promise of federal rent supplements to guarantee a return from low-income tenants, and changes in FHA policies to insure private investments in "high risk" areas—i.e., ghettos.

The new urban program is being pressed by an alliance of political and corporate leaders, with representatives of labor and traditional civil rights organizations bringing up the rear. In New York City, Mayor Lindsay actively cultivates business leaders through his Economic Development Council, and is now joined on walking tours in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant by such notables as Gerald L. Phillippe, chairman of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and Christian A. Herter, Jr., vice president of the Mobil Oil Corporation. A comparable council in Detroit, formed after the riot, is headed by Joseph L. Hudson, Jr., president of one of the largest department stores in the country, and includes the top officials of General Motors, Chrysler and Ford. Cleveland businessmen have created a revolving fund to provide "seed money" and to guarantee loans for ghetto rehabilitation. In Pittsburgh, the Allegheny Housing Corporation draws on funds from PPG Industries, U. S. Steel, Rockwell Manufacturing, Westinghouse Electric and Alcoa, among others. The Urban Coalition which met recently in Washington brought together 800 national political leaders, mayors, officials from labor and civil rights and such stalwarts of corporate enterprise as Andrew Heiskell, chairman of Time Incorporated; Henry Ford II, chairman of the Ford Motor Company; David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and Irwin Miller, chairman of Cummins Engine Company.

The urban alliance could have substantial economic impact. Public subsidies for the ghetto are now pitifully

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small. By using public funds to guarantee profit, however, huge private investments can be turned toward the ghetto. The $1 billion promised by the insurance companies is undoubtedly only a beginning, and at that it is three times the amount allocated for public housing in this fiscal year.

These benevolent proposals are much at odds with the mood of the electorate. Most Americans, the pollsters say, believe blacks are not badly off, and regard riots as simply a breakdown in law and order, spurred perhaps by "outside agitators." The popular view is reflected in Congressional carryings-on, especially in the House, where measures for riot control and punitive welfare amendments are passed eagerly, while even innocuous proposals for rat control are resisted. How do we account for the "statesmanlike" responses of elites at a time when the wider public seems goaded to new expressions of racism?

The answer is not difficult to find. First, corporate enterprise no longer has major stakes in domestic racism. Historically, racism helped to perpetuate a caste system that produced a surplus of cheap black labor. That surplus was used against white workers, chiefly to undermine wage levels; more directly, blacks were hired as scabs and goons to impede efforts by whites to unionize. The resulting antagonism between blacks and whites was one aspect of a history of pervasive conflict among ethnic groups in America, leading them to turn upon one another rather than against oppressive classes, thus accounting in good measure for the absence of a cohesive working class. However, antagonism has been most acute between poor blacks and whites. Nor has that conflict subsided: it now extends beyond the labor market, erupting in bitter struggles to control neighborhoods, schools and city government.

With automation and the corporate management of markets, low-skilled and low-paid labor has become a relatively unimportant factor in the profits of much large-scale urban enterprise. Consequently, racism is no longer needed to depress wages and inhibit unionization. The racist attitudes of the working and lower-middle classes persist, but these attitudes, and the ghettos they help to produce have become anomalies—vestiges of an earlier era of industrial organization.

Indeed, racism is beginning to exact some costs from corporate enterprise. Violence in the cities disrupts the civic stability on which huge, bureaucratized enterprises depend. Note, for example, that department store owners are prominent in the spate of local committees and commissions formed in the wake of the riots. Nor is it any accident that insurance companies, faced with huge losses in property damage, are at the forefront in proffering investment funds for redevelopment of charred ghettos.

Now, too, there is the promise of profit to be made in removing poverty. Redevelopment promises to be a huge business, running into billions of dollars—provided that public funds and public powers are employed to eliminate risk and guarantee profit. Far-seeing corporations like Litton Industries and U. S. Gypsum have been alert to these possibilities for some time, undertaking research and demonstration projects (often put forward as "civic" activities) to explore cost-saving materials and new building techniques so as to create a product within reach of the ghetto market. Industry's technical explorations have not accomplished much to reduce costs, but that doesn't matter: public subsidies will bridge the gap.

For their part, politicians are in trouble, and the alliance is a way out. Urban disorder has made them vulnerable; they must act to end it or face defeat at the polls. However, they are not free to indulge the outraged sentiments of their working- and middle-class constituents, for repression would alienate blacks all the more and might lead to worse violence. Blacks are also becoming a major electoral force in the cities, a fact which cannot be ignored much longer. Nevertheless, white racism prevents political leaders from securing legislative approval for programs to pacify the ghetto. The corporate alliance solves this dilemma: relatively small amounts of public money can be used to stimulate relatively large private investments. Furthermore, programs carried out under corporate auspices will neutralize a great deal of opposition: this is, after all, "the American way of doing things."

The President, it should be noted, has the most to gain, for he is in the deepest trouble. With rapidly escalating costs in the Vietnamese War already creating presssure for an unpopular tax rise, he risks political disaster by calling for even higher taxes in order to placate rioters. Opening the ghetto for private investment permits him to avoid the antagonism of the electorate toward both blacks and taxes, while continuing to pay for the war primarily from current revenues.

The new program, in brief, is impelled by the threat of disruption and the promise of profit. It will work to curb violence, and to secure gains for political and corporate leaders alike. The ghetto is also likely to be somewhat better off economically for being absorbed into corporate spheres.

Who, then, can reasonably object? Well, clearly peace groups should. If the President succeeds in avoiding substantial tax increases, the task of shoring up weakening electoral support for the war will be considerably eased. Grass-roots black activists also have much to fear, for these developments portend a vast extension of corporate power in the ghetto. The economy of the ghetto is now run by relatively small entrepreneurs who are somewhat vulnerable to local pressure, such as consumer boycotts and rent strikes. The new managers of the ghetto will be huge quasi-public development corporations (like the New York Port Authority) insulated from effective political control and endowed with powers to issue bonds, condemn property, and form webs of relations with private investment companies, large-scale contractors and management companies. Industrial firms will spin off new subsidiaries to exploit opportunities for subsidized profit in employing ghetto people. And predominantly white unions will absorb these workers, thus neutralizing whatever potential that separate Negro unions might have had as an instrument of ghetto power. The ghetto has nothing much to offer which corporate enterprise needs—skilled labor, entrepeneurial skills or raw materials. It is even too poor on its own to attract corporate products on any large

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scale. Governments will thus convert the ghetto to a subsidized market, and life conditions will be improved, but no Negro-controlled economic institutions are likely to emerge, nor will the ghetto have the resources to influence the operations of outside corporate enterprise.

The greatest danger to blacks is that the new corporate role will help to erode the power of municipal government, and this at a time when the black is about to obtain control of the city. Lyle M. Spencer, president of Science Research Associates (a subsidiary of IBM), glowingly comments on the new corporate alliance: the "military-industrial complex," he observes, is about to be superseded by a "social-industrial complex." Considering the influence the former exerts in national life and foreign affairs, who can doubt that the latter will possess comparable influence over city government and the ghetto?

Impending changes in the relations of federal and local government will mesh well with corporate intervention, further weakening the traditional powers of city government. The federal government is beginning to use the vast resources of its grants-in-aid programs to create metropolitan-wide administrative agencies to cope with pollution, blight and other urban problems. As agents of federal power, the metro bureaucracies will supersede local government as channels for federal money. Since these new administrative complexes will be largely removed from popular control, the blacks of the ghettos—even as they reach electoral majorities in the cities—cannot hope to influence them greatly. But the metro bureaucracies—manned by an emerging class of planners and technicians—will find congenial counterparts in the corporate world. In other words, just as black majorities come to power in the city, much of that power will be usurped by an alliance of national corporations and political leaders, as well as by federal-metropolitan bureaucracies.

There is not likely to be much opposition to these developments, however. Churchmen and union leaders have already given their blessing. Traditional civil rights leaders have special reason to be pleased, for their symbolic hegemony over the ghetto has been undermined, on the one side by the failure of the Johnson Administration to keep concessions flowing, and on the other by the growing challenge of spokesmen for black nationalism. It was not without reason that traditional civil rights leaders joined with the President and leaders of the insurance business to announce the billion-dollar pledge of corporate funds to the ghetto.

It is possible to imagine that militant leaders in the ghetto will resist the intrusion of corporate giants, but it is much easier to see how their resistance will be overcome. The new corporate imperialism will be mediated through a host of intervening subsidiaries and management structures, many located in the ghetto itself. Advocates of "participatory democracy," "decentralization" and "black control of black affairs" will find these themes turned against them as they are invited to endorse and participate in the new corporate subsidiaries. Even now business leaders in some cities are cultivating black activists, often over the protestations of local politicians befuddled by the curious twist in alignments.

If grants-in-aid were to be funneled through city governments, as in the past, and not through quasi-public and private corporate structures, black municipal leaders could convert these funds into the jobs, services and facilities required not only to improve economic conditions but to consolidate a black electorate as well. Under such circumstances, local government would serve blacks as it has served other groups by providing a base for power in state and national affairs. Once absorbed in local corporate subsidaries, however, blacks will become instruments of national corporate power. Their economic lot will be improved somewhat, to be sure, but their long-term economic prospects depend on their potential political power, and that will be diminished.

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LETTER FROM MUNICH

C. AMERY

Mr. Amery is a German novelist and journalist who has done postgraduate work in American universities. He is the author of Capitulation: The Lesson of German Catholicism *(Herder and Herder).*

"What goal remains for the German Left?" That was the topic of a meeting sponsored by an intellectual group within the German Social Democrats—one of the many small groups worried by the soporific effect of the Great Coalition on German domestic politics. The gathering took place in a genteel setting, the Munich *Künstlerhaus* of *fin de siècle* fame; the room was painted as a garden pavilion in mock Italian—with clusters of shaded little wall lamps, thickets of fruit and fluttering birds of game on the ceiling. The moderate Left, i.e., the Social Democrats, have become respectable, as the clink of champagne and gin-and-tonic glasses in the background attested. Outside, beyond the tall French windows, it was a hot, splendid summer night, and an endless stream of Mercedes and Volkswagens, Peugeots and BMWs slid by.

But all participants of the meeting were worried people—the discussion proved it. Two short talks were scheduled (as usual on the Left, they turned out longer than expected), and sociologists, journalists, students of history, smart middle-aged and chic young women were present—plus some full-time politicians of the SPD, including one fast-rising member of the *Bundestag*.

The first speaker had done his homework. He talked about the philosophical basis of a possible future Left: about traditional values revisited, about ethics and anthropology. His approach was precise, somewhat donnish, with strong reminders of Thomism (he is one of the still rare breed of young party workers for the SPD reared in a Catholic conviction), and a little bit boring. The jigsaw pieces of his composite vision clicked into place a little too smoothly: a vision of a future democracy sans reproach, where the mad beast in man would finally lie down with the lamb, where the ugly old egoisms would yield to solidarity. He referred to practical political issues often enough—there is no Social Democrat in Germany today, young or old, who doesn't. But the whole thing was too rational, too straightly derived from principle, to sound exciting. The old party no longer has the power to make the trumpet ring.

The second speaker was very different. He was the head of the Munich group of SDS: the Socialist Students' Association which makes headlines in nonconformism. Sons of "good" families mostly, these students are exasperated by the sleepiness of political and social life, plagued by the alienations of heart and mind, and tuned to a high pitch of messianism by recent events: the chain of demonstrations and police actions following the route of the Persian Shah, and the growing discontent of the thinking Left with the practices of government. The prophet of this group is Herbert Marcuse, the German emigrant professor living in California, who preaches a fine contempt for the gods of profits and turnover, deviates from Marx in abandoning the leading role of the working class, and visualizes a future without work, dedicated to the unfolding of Self.

The first and most captivating thing about the speaker was his obvious amateur standing. He was shy, he spoke without a manuscript, he tended to repeat his idea, but he managed to transmit to the audience his burning concern for Germany's future. He and his friends fear the coming of rule by manipulation; a form of mild but very effective repression, a plot of the two big parties forming the government (and confronted by a tiny and insecure opposition) to perpetuate the present machinery of power. The *Bundestag,* in their eyes, has abdicated its traditional role, and evidence of this self-imposed defeat is the plan to form, in times of emergency, an inner committee, a "rump parliament" of thirty-three, to carry on the necessary business of rubber-stamping. Definition of such an emergency, according to the planned laws, would remain mostly in the hands of the executive; even a mild recession looming around the corner could be styled as such. The underlying malaise of this sort of relationship is immobility—immobility as the only real course of "action" for the powers that be. Immobility, in the eyes of these angry young people, is also the direct consequence of moral guilt, as shown in the government's acquiescence in the scandal of Vietnam and in the recently emerged authoritarian regimes in Europe. Parliamentary democracy has ceased to be a premise accepted without questioning.

What should replace it? This transcends the political horizons even of the revolutionary-minded. Somewhere, the "sovyets" are invoked as a solution—pre-Bolshevik Soviets, of course, subject to constant control by the masses. It was easy for the party workers present to show the weaknesses in this kind of thinking and hoping; to show, for instance, that an increase in restlessness, a growing distrust of parliamentary democracy would result only in the upsurge of Fascist resentment. This is something which academic revolutionaries generally overlook: popular uprisings against an establishment are usually diverted against scapegoats (Christians, Jews, sectarians), are usually blinded by short-term resentment, and very rare are the moments (November, 1917, for instance), when the trained mind and the perceptive will are able to muster the support of mass despair. This fact is invisible to idealistic young students; they insist, with touching stubbornness, that the worker could be educated, that he could be brought to the realization that his servitude is only smoother, materially brighter than it used to be, that the patterns of power and dominion are old, but not venerable. Therefore, the case of the SPD parliamentarians against the New Left is legitimate. Once the old distrust of the "system" dimly remembered from Weimar days begins to blossom again, the national choice of an alternative will not be Marxist.

The case against the New Left may be legitimate—but the spirit of the defense was not. The most sadden-

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ing expression of this spirit was the behavior of the fast-rising MP, who matched the assertiveness, the aggressive and tricky argumentation, the complete lack of insight and self-criticism of his worst CSU colleagues. It was easy, for him, to maneuver the students into a tight corner; but he chose to do it with such massive ill grace that his early and demonstrative leaving was greeted by all with relief. It makes one wince to see such types arguing for parliamentarism—a parliamentarism which provides such dubious methods of selection. While the political arguments of the New Left, of the wild students, are doubtful, it is hard to imagine that their misgivings can be assuaged by the living example of slick operators elbowing their way up into the establishment.

The ensuing discussion did not do much to reconcile the viewpoints present. This, also, is usual. It left this observer with a mingled feeling of hope and apprehension. Hope can be founded on the evidence that even the backwaters of West German provincialism have not suffocated the spirit of wild and free speculation; apprehension from the fact that the utopias of old are as far removed from us as ever. There was little or nothing in the view of the New Left which has not been said better and more brilliantly—by Trotsky, by Marxist thinkers of the European belt west of Russia, by the incorruptible theoreticians of the Yugoslav periodical *Praxis*, and others. It shows the effectiveness of our German isolation that we are condemned to rethink the often-thought, proclaim anew the utopias of the 1930s, relive the nagging doubts of a society potentially weak and powerless in the face of neurotic malice.

The participants in this Munich meeting all had good faces; faces one could trust. (An exception has been mentioned.) It is hard, among such faces, to keep alive the fact that such groups are islands; islands floating in a sea of apolitical and anti-political muck. And it is important to realize that the monsters threatening us are not oxygen breathers; that they can subsist, indefinitely almost, under fathoms of dark mire. Only the feeblest attempts have been made to dredge this sea. Neither the humanist and selfless party workers of the SPD nor their antagonists of the New Left are strong enough, individually, to tackle this job.

DATA BANKS

THE PUNCHCARD SNOOPERS

PHIL HIRSCH

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Washington

"The information that you are required to furnish is held confidential by law. Your census report cannot be used for purposes of taxation, investigation, or regulation."

So stated the director of the Census Bureau on the front page of every 1960 census form. Below his signature, the message was repeated in slightly different language. Yet, since 1960, the Bureau has distributed detailed statistics, summarized from individual census questionnaires, to hundreds of companies, trade associations and government agencies, without determining what those statistics would be used for.

In 1963, the American Medical Association sent the Bureau a list of 900 physicians living in Chicago and the rest of Illinois. Census pulled the returns of 188 doctors, then summarized their incomes. The report sent to AMA was classified into more than two dozen income categories. The number of doctors within each group was further subclassified by type of medical specialty (general practitioner, internist, surgeon), as well as by area of residence (inside and outside Metropolitan Chicago).

Census officials insist that selling this information to AMA didn't violate anyone's privacy. They maintain that there is no way of telling, from the statistics, which of the 900 individuals in the original list were included in the sample. But the message on the front cover of the 1960 census questionnaire says nothing about summarizing and selling the information inside. It clearly implies the opposite.

Actually, the Bureau can't really know if the AMA tabulation violated anyone's privacy because it simply accepted the association's statement that the data was needed for a study of physicians' incomes. Other orders for census statistics are also filled without being investigated.

Instead of investigating, warnings are issued—possibly in the hope that they will make the investigations unnecessary. The annual catalogues issued by the Census Bureau tell prospective purchasers of special tabulations that "the purposes for which such tabulations are obtained must not be contrary to the public interest, nor must they be used to give unfair commercial or other advantage to any person or group."

Among the Bureau's customers during the past few years was an advertising agency that wanted to know which areas of the country contained a high percentage of teen-agers; the agency was promoting "Do-It," described as "a teenage dance fad item." An insurance company, seeking prospects for its personal accident policy in New Mexico, asked for data on Indians and persons with Spanish surnames. Another ad agency sought help in locating families with specified incomes, who would make good credit-card customers for stores and oil companies. A Boy Scout group wanted to improve its fund-raising activities, while an electrical products firm asked for

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family income data that could be used to "evaluate" its pay structure.

". . . I am sure that the Census (Bureau) can get from our members, in some cases, information which they probably wouldn't give to the (American Textile Manufacturers) Institute," said R. B. Brandis, an ATMI executive, when he appeared before a House subcommittee in 1964. This is one of the few times the propriety of the Bureau's special tabulations has been referred to in public. What Brandis said raises a rather chilling prospect. For if the Bureau is distributing information to third parties which they couldn't legitimately get on their own, it is a stool pigeon, not a statistical service agency.

The fees charged for these tabulations cover "the total incremental cost . . . of extracting the data from the files and preparing the tabulations," Census Director Ross Eckler told the subcommittee last year. He neglected to add that the preceding steps—collecting data from each household and processing it into extractable form—are far more expensive and are subsidized by the taxpayer. Just the first job, data collection, represented more than two-thirds of the cost of the 1960 decennial census.

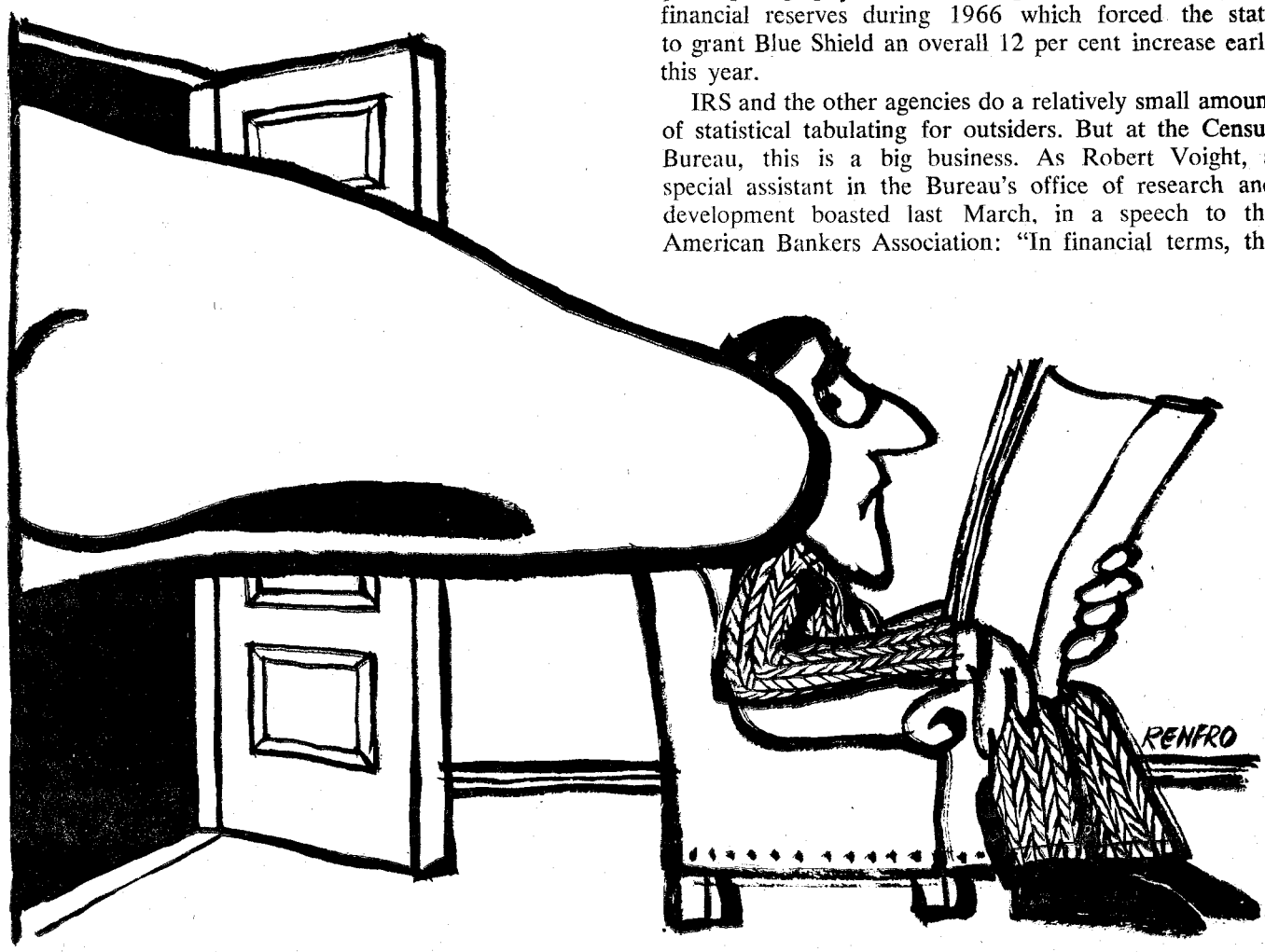
Special tabulations are by-products of the data that produces published census reports, explains a Bureau official; he argues that if there were no tabulations, the same information would still have to be gathered in the field by census enumerators. Hence, the Bureau doesn't feel right charging users of special tabulations for field work.

But the business firms and trade associations that purchase special tabulations have originated many of the census questions added in recent years, so this program must have increased the complexity and expense of census collection and data processing.

Several other federal agencies—notably the Internal Revenue Service, Federal Housing Administration, Small Business Administration and Department of Agriculture—sell aggregate statistical summaries to public and private organizations. The individuals who supply this information, like those who fill out census questionnaires, are always assured that what they tell the government will be kept strictly confidential.

In November, 1964, IRS tabulated the adjusted gross incomes of 5,000 subscribers to the New Jersey Blue Shield Plan. Separate income figures were presented for family and single person subscribers, for those enrolled under group contracts, and for those paying premiums directly. From this analysis, New Jersey Blue Shield developed a proposal in 1965 to increase rates for middle-income subscribers. It was never adopted, but only because the plan's trustees, a majority of whom are doctors, found a better alternative: in October, 1965, they authorized a 6 per cent increase in the fees paid to participating physicians, causing a run on the plan's financial reserves during 1966 which forced the state to grant Blue Shield an overall 12 per cent increase early this year.

IRS and the other agencies do a relatively small amount of statistical tabulating for outsiders. But at the Census Bureau, this is a big business. As Robert Voight, a special assistant in the Bureau's office of research and development boasted last March, in a speech to the American Bankers Association: "In financial terms, the



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revenue from tabulations and other statistical work done to fill special requests has equaled the total appropriations for the current Bureau program for several years, and this year will exceed that figure by a substantial margin." (The Bureau's fiscal 1967 appropriation totaled approximately $25 million.)

This business should grow considerably because the Bureau is busily refining its statistics and procedures to improve its service. Here is Voight telling the ABA about the major changes planned for their benefit in the 1970 census:

> We expect to provide much greater geographic flexibility. We will identify data down to the individual side of a city block so that it can be grouped into any geographic configuration you call for. Also, we expect to indentify these block sides by coordinates of latitude and longitude. This will open up a whole new area of potential value to marketers. For example, you could ask us to give the characteristics of the population and housing in one mile circles from your bank location or from a prospective bank location. We will be in a position to map cities for you in square mile grids or other configurations on the computer, to geographically display the characteristics of such areas, to provide a land and housing value chart, commuting patterns, new housing, old housing, deteriorated housing, et cetera. Some of the future possibilities are quite exciting. . . .

To exploit this new capability, all the customer will have to do is give the Bureau a list containing the names and addresses of the individuals he wants to know about; a computer will then retrieve the corresponding records and summarize their contents automatically.

These "matching studies" could be made previously, but they had to be done manually, were restricted to a few large cities, and usually failed to match a substantial number of names on the customer's list. Computerization, together with the widespread use of mailed census questionnaires in 1970, is expected to reduce these shortcomings and increase the commercial appeal of matching studies substantially.

If the "data bank" proposed by the Bureau of the Budget materializes, matching studies will become even more useful. The Budget Bureau wants to set up a computerized storehouse encompassing the statistics collected by twenty federal agencies, including Census. The information would be converted into a standard format, permitting figures collected by different agencies to be related, and enabling users—government officials, scholars and businessmen—to combine the information in new ways. This can't be done now because the data collections of most agencies overlap and the boundaries are murky. (See "National Data Center: The Computer vs. the Bill of Rights" by Anthony Prisendorf, *The Nation,* October 31, 1966.)

Several other data banks are already in operation, or planned. According to *EDP Weekly,* an electronics industry trade publication, a nation-wide computerized network designed to help keep undesirable drivers off the highway is being developed within the Department of Transportation. Each state will feed in the records of individual drivers whose licenses have been revoked; all states then will be able to check their driver license applications against this file, routinely and instantly. The basic idea is to prevent a driver who loses his license in one state from getting relicensed in another. Who will have access to this information has not been disclosed.

New Haven, Conn., is developing an IBM system which, according to *U.S. News & World Report,* "will produce facts and figures about anyone" living in the city. Credit bureaus across the country are merging their records at a frenetic rate. Some region-wide data banks are in operation, and by 1972 the Associated Credit Bureaus of America plan to have a nation-wide network.

A few legislators—notably Rep. Cornelius Gallagher of New Jersey, Rep. William Green, Jr., of Pennsylvania, and Missouri's Sen. Edward Long—have wondered out loud whether galloping computerization is hurrying the nation toward an Orwellian society. Gallagher has suggested that the Budget Bureau's proposed data bank could collect individual dossiers and make their contents accessible to anyone with enough political clout. He has succeeded in getting the whole idea shelved, at least temporarily. Meanwhile, the Census Bureau has been persuaded not to ask each person for his religion and social security number in 1970.

Very little has been said, though, about another aspect of the privacy problem which could be just as much of a threat to the individual as a computerized dossier.

The nature of this threat is suggested by a computerized system developed recently at MIT to evaluate consumer loan applications. It is based on "population subsets"—discrete groups of borrowers, residing within particular areas, whose purchasing and payment habits are measured statistically, then cross-classified by income level, family size and various other characteristics. The resulting statistical profiles provide yardsticks for evaluating the people who apply for loans. Matching each applicant with "his" population subset allegedly will indicate whether he's a good or a bad credit risk.

This idea has great appeal for "credit grantors," as they are called in financial circles. Their primary goal is to maximize profit at minimum risk, which means locating a large number of "responsible" borrowers as efficiently as possible. If a computer is able to reduce the costs of existing evaluation procedures (and there is little doubt it can), that is sufficient justification for computerization. Presumably, the new system should also have a better batting average than the old one. But the definition of a "responsible" borrower is flexible, so this judgment depends largely on the judge.

As credit bureaus merge their records into regional and national data banks, systems like the one developed at MIT could encompass more and more credit grantors and more and more borrowers. The physical relationship would change also. Now, when an individual applies for a loan or a charge account, he often has a chance to persuade the credit manager to overlook a doubtful record. In a few years, the borrower's fate is likely to be decided in micro-seconds by an electronic oracle installed on a remote Olympus.

Some credit managers probably will continue to rely mainly on their judgment. But many won't. For denying

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a man credit in a society where credit is indispensable is a big responsibility.

Many applicants who don't conform to the life pattern programed into the credit bureau computer complex will undoubtedly alter their habits. The others simply will be denied credit, on the basis of guilt by association, because they belong to a wrong population subset.

In the automobile insurance industry, guilt by association already has been honed into a valuable marketing tool. The House Judiciary Committee recently began inquiring into the widespread practice of canceling policies "without sufficient justification, and often on the basis of whimsy or flimsy excuse." The inquiry was announced July 10. In the next ten days, the committee received more than 120 complaints from individuals who claimed they had been denied coverage, or had been forced to pay excessive premiums because of age, sex, color, economic background or place of residence.

Not all businessmen have the resources of the insurance companies, or the same power to extract personal information from their customers. The Census Bureau is amply endowed with both, however, and is more than willing to put them at the service of business.

The 1970 census will, among its other questions, ask for detailed figures on individual income—farm and non-farm earnings, interest and dividend income, welfare payments, unemployment and other insurance benefits. Women will be asked how many babies they ever had. Those individuals born after April, 1953, will report whether they worked at any time in the week preceding the census, and if so, how many hours; where the employment was located; how the individual traveled there; whether he was absent at any time during the week because of illness, vacation or other reason; whether he was looking for work, was unemployed or laid off; the name of his employer; his occupation, duties and job title. There will be equally detailed questions on marital status and living accommodations. Those who rent homes or apartments, for example, will have to tell how much they pay the landlord, what they spend on utilities, and what appliances they own.

Most of these questions will be asked to only a sample of the population. But this shouldn't stop the Census Bureau's computers from massaging the data into matching studies tailored to the individual needs of its customers. While names will be kept confidential, the rest of the information on each census questionnaire will be an open book. Pitchmen of all types and moral complexions will be led straight to their marks, and the marks will pay most of the bill.

Beer in the Gallery

(Continued from page 357)

bassy was dampened slightly by an outburst on the part of Phan Khac Suu, the chairman. "I resign as chairman," Phan Khac Suu announced. "I will not accept the responsibility of announcing this before history."

The three American experts should now take the floor and enlighten their fellow countrymen. What would have happened if the Honorable Ngoc Loan had not been relaxing in the gallery?

The Doctor Shortage

An article by Elton Rayack, "AMA: The Restrictive Power," in the May 3, 1965 *Nation*, began with the thesis that regardless of all other factors the availability of doctors limits the amount and quality of medical services that can be provided. The splendid series of articles by Richard Lyons, which began with "Doctor Shortage Nearing a Crisis" in the September 28 *New York Times*, reaffirms Rayack's charges and brings into the open what the public has already learned by individual experience—that the wealthiest country in the world is faced with a shortage of physicians estimated at 50,000 for the entire country and leaving many areas without a single doctor within reasonable distance. Furthermore, in their efforts to avert a complete breakdown, many U.S. hospitals are recruiting foreign doctors who are either unqualified—so that the patients receive substandard medical care—or, when they are adequately skilled, should be serving the people in their own countries. In sum, the restrictive policies of the American Medical Association have simultaneously injured a large section of the American public and the people of other countries. This malfeasance has been on such a scale, and so prolonged, that even the Association is now alarmed and is casting about for ways of mitigating the mischief for which it has largely been responsible.

Siphoning off doctors from countries which need their services, and where they could practice most efficiently, is the most execrable form of brain drain. It would be deplorable enough if it involved one poor country robbing another, but it is an international scandal when the United States robs countries like Turkey, Greece, India or the Philippines. That this sort of thing goes on elsewhere in the world is no excuse for America, which engages in the traffic on a larger scale and with the least excuse.

Lyons quotes a Pennsylvania medical educator: "This country is simply stealing talent and stealing it from countries that can least afford it." The drain has become so acute in India that physicians there are no longer allowed to take the examination which would qualify them for practice in the United States.

As an outstanding example of manpower resources untapped in the United States, Negroes constitute only 3 per cent of doctors in this country. Medical training is expensive—about $4,000 a year—and few Negroes apply. Few poor white boys apply for the same reason. Money is sometimes available for bright students, including Negroes, but no organized effort is made to acquaint them with the opportunities and the need. The medical profession must exert itself to reach the young in the same way that the aerospace industries do, and to convince those whose values are not already hopelessly warped that it is more important to heal the sick than to send a few picked specimens to the moon.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Styron's Nat Turner . . .

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER. *By William Styron. Random House. 429 pp. $6.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL
Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

Styron has run some risks with this novel. This is true despite its striking, contemporary relevance. Nat would have understood Stokely Carmichael's threat and gone him one better. When a honkie hits you, you indeed kill him, but first you *organize*, then you *plan* to kill them *all*. Still, this book is likely to raise some resentment. For Styron has presumed to *know* a Negro. A white ex-Southerner of the middle 20th century insists he knows enough to assume the guise of an early 19th-century black slave. Not only that but Styron admits—in an important essay, "This Quiet Dust" *(Harper's*, April, 1965) which explains his personal obsession with Nat—that "most Southern white people *cannot* know or touch black people," that the contemporary Negro "may feel that it is too late to be known, and that the desire to know him reeks of outrageous condescension." Yet, Styron insists on telling Nat's story in first-person narrative.

In a serious way he seems not to care *what* LeRoi Jones, say, might think of his presumption. This is something he had to do. In the desperately understated cliché, he is paying his dues, just as did Faulkner in *Intruder in the Dust* and Warren in *Who Speaks For the Negro?*. For, Styron says, "to come to *know* the Negro has become the moral imperative of every white Southerner." To argue that this is arrogant and futile is to resign oneself to fragmentation, alienation, violence. Styron chances a daring, imaginative leap into a tormented black psyche to better understand himself and his country. He has taken to heart Baldwin's wisdom—hatred destroys the hater; the American white man must "find a way of living with the Negro in order to be able to live with himself."

For Styron this personal, social problem "resolved itself into an artistic one." How could he best understand, embody, *become* Nat? He could be circled from the outside with historical documents, the actual *Confessions* and the only book on the subject, *The Southampton Insurrection* (1900) by W.S. Drewry. These scant notes could be amplified by close readings in the history of slavery. Though these works provide Styron with a framework of the actual, reference points which had to be touched, and an abundance of specifics from which to draw, he had, finally, to confront Nat's single, isolated self. Who was he? Why did only he, in the long history of American slavery, lead an uprising? Why, when about sixty whites were slaughtered, did he personally only kill one? She was 18, her name was Margaret Whitehead, a belle, and, as Nat actually confessed, "after repeated blows with a sword, I killed her by a blow on the head with a fence rail." Why did the thrust of Nat's rebellion flinch after this murder? Styron asks, "Did he discover his humanity here or did he lose it?" History can help but, finally, Styron had to depend upon his novelist's first-rate sense of self to create situation and character which would convince us that these questions can be answered.

Nat's humanity is both Styron's and, as he sees it, Nat's problem. He was "favored" as perhaps no Virginia slave had been before. Son of the cook, he ate well. A cute pickaninny, he was pampered by whites. Further, he had the "luck" to be owned by a man of unusually enlightened convictions, Samuel Turner—"Turner" is, of course, his name, not truly Nat's—who felt "that the more religiously and intellectually enlightened a Negro is made, the better for himself, his master, and the commonwealth." At first Nat responds gratefully to this benevolent despotism. He develops a sense of his own significance that a field hand could never know. He feels the joy of becoming; "I shiver in the glory of self." Spurred by his heightened sensitivity to the promises of life he mimes the whites, their talk, their style, studies his Bible, learns his carpentry and, he says, becomes "a pet, the darling, the little black jewel of Turner's Mill." He pushes so successfully against the barrier of his "niggerness" that Turner promises emancipation. But Turner is weak, caught in a depression caused by the exhaustion of tobacco lands, and goes back on his word. When Nat is sold, when it is clear that he will never be free, that he can never more *become* in that way, he

> experienced a kind of disbelief which verged close upon madness, then a sense of betrayal, then fury such as I had never known before, then finally, to my dismay, hatred so bitter that I grew dizzy and thought I might get sick on the floor.

Having been promised more—through the white man's "wanton and arrogant kindness"—and seeing that promise denied, Nat had to kill. The need to slaughter those who are most compassionate is, Nat says, "the central madness of nigger existence." Their philanthropy, however patronizing, creates a sense of self in Nat, but their refusal to accept that self as fully human creates in him the capacity to deny their human reality, to make their blood flow "in a foaming sacrament." He *will* grow, if not one way, then another. If he cannot become white then he will be black with an unimagined power of blackness:

> I knew that . . . the whole world of white flesh would someday founder and split apart upon my retribution, would perish by my design and at my hands.

Given the alternative by two-faced whites of being Sambo or Black Daemon he chooses the latter so that he can forever wipe out the sight of those white faces.

But it is Nat's curse and his nobility that he cannot wholly do to the white man what they have done to him. Even though he is betrayed by one master, whipped by another, even when he sees his mother raped by an Irish overseer, his best friend sold down the river, Nat cannot fully reduce the white man to a caricature, the Oppressor, whose lack of human characteristics justifies any

As part of the discussion of the novel in the United States, two views of William Styron's treatment of Nat Turner's slave rebellion are presented here. Mr. O'Connell addresses himself to the fictional aspects of the novel. But because Mr. Styron's book is a dramatization of a real event in the history of the American Negro, it seemed of interest to present a historical view as well. The rebellion is documented in history by "The Confessions of Nat Turner as fully and voluntarily told to Thomas R. Gray," published in Baltimore in 1831 and reprinted as an appendix to Herbert Aptheker's *Nat Turner's Slave Rebellion*. In the essay which follows, Mr. Aptheker concerns himself with questions of historical accuracy and interpretation.

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retributive horror. Nor, despite the uprising, can he successfully suppress his own humanity. Nat's burden of intelligence creates in him an ambivalence. He can hold two opposed ideas in mind at the same time—hatred and understanding—and not quite go mad. Understanding is not forgiveness—he has sixty killed. But it diminishes his ferociousness—he might have killed 600. He is almost successful in stifling his apprehension of the humanness in his enemy but, with Margaret Whitehead, comes to a kind of love which, though it does not save her, keeps him from more murder and insures his own defeat and death.

Styron's Margaret is the Southern belle seen with compassion and understanding. She is a charming thing, full of little lyric bursts of froth, sentimental about the darkies' lot and squashed turtles, but a first-rate sensibility, trapped in taffeta, who can only talk to Nat—this odd, brilliant slave—whom she performs for, respects, patronizes, flirts with, she hardly knows what. For she is as blocked and profoundly isolated as he. Nat can articulate his isolation:

> I thirsted to plunge myself into the earth, into a tree, a deer, a bear, a bird, a boy, a stump, a stone, to shoot milky warm spurts of myself into the cold and lonely blue heart of the sky.

He reaches for shimmering visions of God and bloody revenge. But Margaret is as lonely and knows it less. She is disgusted by her brother—a smug preacher who likes to hunt runaway slaves—distressed by the nonsense she hears about Negro inferiority at her girls' seminary, yet caught in the only world she knows. She and Nat cannot come together in life, in love, so they seek each other in death, in murder:

> Then when I raised the rail above her head she gazed at me, as if past the imponderable vista of her anguish, with a grave and drowsy tenderness such as I had never known, spoke some words too soft to hear and, saying no more, closed her eyes upon all madness, illusion, dream and strife. So I brought the timber down and she was swiftly gone, and I hurled the hateful, shattered club far up into the weeds.

"Such as I had never known." Can there be a greater isolation? Never until then had either seen his own humanity reflected in another's eyes. For this the houses of their bodies are on fire; for this lack they lie down in darkness.

In this novel, as well as intensifying his complex, compelling vision, Styron extends his craft, modulates his style. The soaring, personal rhetoric of his other books is here held back to better delineate a range of characters. T. R. Gray, who set down the original *Confessions*, speaks in legalistic, Latinate rhetoric which luxuriates in revealing, polysyllabic distinctions, as when he defines Nat as *"an-i-mate* chattel." Hark, Nat's right-hand man, has an earthy, sharp rhetoric—"Nigger life ain't worth pig shit!" Jeremiah Cobb, who passes death sentence on Nat, speaks in a style which is at once boozy, grand, self-pitying and perceptive—"God, God, my poor Virginia, blighted domain." Nat is up tight, masked, cool, so his rhetoric is controlled, fluctuating between "nigger gabble," when that will serve his ends, and formal, perfect English. Thus Styron's flexible style helps him portray a variety of characters, a range of experiences—a dramatized paradigm of "the peculiar institution" in its several aspects—and amplify the thin original *Confessions* into a full, plausible statement of a man's groping understanding of the significance in his own life.

Nat is believable, the gap between color and times can be bridged, because he is first and last a man, not a Negro slave. That is, as an imaginative, sensitive man concerned with ways to live a meaningful life, Nat is not so far apart from Styron as at first it seems. Styron has been able to detect and describe the man beneath the murderer. We accept the man and are thus implicated in his deeds. For example: Nat sits alone in his cell, in a "web of chains," watching flies buzz "in haphazard elastic loopings" through huge motes of dust. He wonders if the motes hinder the flies' flight, but then decides that they can be no more obstruction than the "harmless, dazzling, pelting flurry" of October leaves to a man. He fancies an envy for the flies' brainless state, "unacquainted with misery or grief." But then he turns this idea around to see the flies as "God's supreme outcasts, buzzing eternally between heaven and oblivion in a pure agony of mindless twitching." He thinks, then, of the infrequency of suicide among slaves, how he had mistakenly interpreted this as evidence of their Christian forbearance, but now, sitting in chains, musing upon a fly:

> It seemed rather that my black shit-eating people were surely like flies, God's mindless outcasts, lacking even that will to destroy by their own hand their unending anguish. . .

Here Styron dramatizes Nat's marvelous associations in terms which any man, any time, could understand. Who has not mulled the significance of flies? Then he dramatizes an extraordinary sensibility, one able to yoke seeming dissimilarities in a striking synthesis. Which of us has construed the mote/leaf, fly/man connection? Thus we are swayed into provisional acceptance of the fly-slave analogy because we have already agreed with the logic of his previous metaphors. So it goes throughout the novel. Nat impinges. His humanness cannot be denied.

Comfort, however, should not be taken from Nat's humanity. Styron's novel should be as disturbing to white liberals as to black militants. For, given character and conditions, Nat had to do what he did. Seeing it all from his point of view forces us into the paradoxical situation of urging his revenge even though we know it will also mean general horror and his own destruction. We flinch from the horror—women scalped, a baby smashed against a wall—but Nat, despite Margaret, does not.

> *I would have done it all again. I would have destroyed them all. Yet I would have spared one. I would have spared her that showed me Him whose presence I had not fathomed or maybe never even known.*

God is love and love is Margaret and, as she cites from John, "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God is him. . . ." But love does not conquer justified hatred, nor should it. God is also righteous wrath and, Styron demonstrates, Nat is in every way sympathetic and right when he leads in vengeance "a majestic black army of the Lord." Styron has written an apologia for no political position, but a stunningly beautiful embodiment of a noble man, in a rotten time and place, who tried his best to save himself and transform his world.

HISTORICAL DAYS

I go out on these days,
down to the foot of the bridge,
with the gasps of water hoses
echoing in my ears,
down past the steel bars
cracking up into the fat brown fences
like darts into cork boards,
and boogaloo on old cars.
I turn down streets
picked clean as kosher hens,
watching locks indecently
dangling from shuttle thin houses.
Summer. And yet old, brandy-eyed
and flat men huddle in plucked overcoats.
I think they must remember
the negligent wind that their
silent, twisted mouths accuse me of.
The seasons, in this circle,
are so unchanging.
When I'm alone at night,
sleep is a dirty rug,
and I sit up, a jaded historian,
and announce,
It was a day
like any other,
as they say.

JAY WRIGHT

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. . . A Note on the History

HERBERT APTHEKER

Mr. Aptheker is the director of the American Institute for Marxist Studies and a member of the National Committee of the U. S. Communist Party. He is the author of American Negro Slave Revolts *(International),* A Documentary History of the Negro People *(Citadel) and* Nat Turner's Slave Rebellion *(Humanities Press).*

I have been asked to comment upon William Styron's new novel from the viewpoint of a historian and to do so within very brief limits. The assumption behind this request is, I take it, that a historical novel should bear some resemblance to reality and that, indeed, through the creative act it may perhaps deepen the grasp of that reality; assumed, also, is the idea that each generation's historical novels tell at least as much about that generation as about the past they depict. At any rate, these are assumptions that I do hold.

The discrepancies between the realities of the Turner rebellion and Mr. Styron's rendition thereof are numerous, often quite serious, and form, I believe, a pattern amounting to consequential distortion—a distortion widespread in the United States at the present time.

The discrepancies stem both from omission and from either false or quite dubious affirmations. One of the very well-established facts concerning the slave, Nat Turner, is that he fled from his owner in the mid-1820s, stayed away about one month and then, moved by religious qualms, returned to the service of his earthly master. We know, too, that upon his return he was berated for this act by many of his fellow slaves—they "murmured against me," as he said. No hint of this is in the novel and this part of the actual *Confessions* is omitted from the fairly extensive quotations used within the book. Especially important here—and elsewhere in the *Confessions,* but not in the novel—is the evidence of the impact upon Turner of the anti-slavery feelings present among his peers.

Perhaps the most dramatic moment in the actual *Confessions* comes when Turner's court-appointed interrogator demands to know from him whether or not he sees now—in jail and in chains—that he was mistaken in what he had undertaken, especially since he is soon to be executed. The interrogator himself reports Turner's reply: "Was not Christ crucified?" This direct, simple and great flash is not in the novel.

Where Styron does quote from the *Confessions,* he is mainly accurate; where he is not, his omissions are instructive. He has Turner saying that "my mother strengthened me" in a belief in his special capacities; the actual *Confessions* has Turner saying "my *father and* mother"; the italicized words are omitted. A little further along, Styron quotes Turner as saying that "my mother" and others offered the opinion that with his marked "sense" he would develop into a difficult slave; but actually in the *Confessions* at this point, Turner said "my *grand*mother." At still another point, Styron has Turner say, "I never laid eyes on my grandmother"; Turner, however, not only "laid eyes" on her but remembered her rather well and specifically says that he "was much attached" to her.

In fact, while American slavery certainly dealt awful blows to the family structure of the slaves, it never fully destroyed it—in large part because of the women's ingenuity and resistance; and a rather unusual feature of Turner's life—well documented—is that he remembered both his father and his mother and a grandmother, too. The father—also a slave—fled and made good his escape (this fact is in the novel), but he did not do so before having left a clear mark on the memory and the consciousness of his son. All this may be in conflict with the so-called Moynihan thesis, but that is the fault of the thesis—not of Nat Turner! Indeed Turner tells us that his parents taught him how to read—though he adds that he has no memory of just how early this occurred. This may be contrasted with Styron's long and repeated references to the "experimental" benevolence of a master who undertook Turner's education.

There is repeated reference in the novel to the Great Dismal Swamp, lying in the southern part of Southampton County—locale of the revolt—and extending into North Carolina. Styron has Turner reject this as a possible refuge for the discontented slaves, insisting that to reach it and to survive therein was not possible. The historical fact is that the Swamp *was* the refuge, for generations, of fugitive slaves, many of whom not only made it but survived in it, carved out a community life, resisted capture, and used it as a base from which to launch punitive expeditions against plantations. Indeed, many contemporaries thought—when the Turner uprising became known—that it was in fact another such assault.

The Turner rebellion cannot be understood unless it is seen as the culminating blow of a particular period of

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rising slave unrest. This was never absent in the South for long; it appeared and reappeared in waves and the Turner cataclysm was the highlight of one such wave which commenced about 1827 and played itself out in 1832. In the *Confessions* indeed, the interrogator specifically asked Turner about this and whether his outbreak was part of other such efforts just past and perhaps impending. Turner said no to this but added in a perfectly straightforward way that since he had been moved to rebel, others similarly situated might also similarly be moved.

An important feature of this marked unrest just before the Turner outbreak was that it resulted in the reinforcement of the already massive machinery of control—a machinery never mentioned in the novel but fundamental to an understanding of slave militancy and protest. Not only were new repressive laws passed—just *before* the outbreak—but additional police measures were taken at the specific requests of Southern state governors, including the Governor of Virginia. Furthermore, this reached the highest levels of government, so that at the orders of the Secretary of War, federal forts were reinforced in the spring of 1831 both in Louisiana and in Virginia—and Turner and his men rose up in August.

None of this fits a pattern which weaves through the novel—and has been stated by its author elsewhere quite explicitly—that the system of slavery had "dehumanized the slave and divested him of honor, moral responsibility and manhood," and that "the character (not characterization) of 'Sambo' . . . did in fact exist."* Certainly in the novel the bulk of the slaves are made into "Sambos" and I am afraid this *is* characterization; that it is not character is demonstrated by the actual record of the Negro people in the United States both during and after slavery.

Space permits only three more specific comments. The character of Will who plays so vital a part in this novel has no resemblance to anything history shows of the Will who participated in the Turner uprising. While Styron makes him a mad monster finally engaging in a power play with Turner, in the *Confessions* one meets Will through Turner's mouth only when —just before the launching of the attack—he found Will as a newcomer among the conspirators. Turner says only that he greeted Will and then asked him how he came to be there, and that Will replied that freedom was as valuable to him as to any man and that he meant to try for his; this, says Turner, was enough to put him in my confidence and Will joins the fray and loses his life. All this is to be contrasted with the lustful, sadistic, crazy figment that appears and reappears with filth in his mouth and blood on his hands through page after page of the book.

The novel emphasizes in many ways that Turner was able to recruit only about seventy or seventy-five men, while the county held over 7,000 slaves of whom many hundreds might physically have been expected to join. But the records of history—unlike the novel—do not show efforts at recruitment other than the original handful of six. It is these six who commence the uprising, in one parish of the county; and in a day and a half of desperate struggle actually are joined by perhaps seventy more. All things considered—including the system of control, the stakes involved, the apparent lack of prior preparation—this argues for discontent so deep that scores would actually risk their lives in order to express it. The repeated references in the novel to masters arming loyal black slaves to resist the rebels are made up out of whole cloth; there is no evidence of this whatsoever and to believe it or offer it shows an utter misapprehension of the nature of American slavery.

Finally, one of the themes of the novel is the uniqueness of this event. Of course, each event is unique, but the idea here repeatedly offered is that the Turner uprising was "the only one sustained, effective revolt" in the history of United States slavery. This is not true. The actual fruition in uprising, in armed attack, occurred frequently in the United States on the part of slaves, from 1691 in Virginia to 1864 in Mississippi; this apart from uprisings in coffles and aboard domestic slave-trading vessels; the massive participation of runaway slaves in the Seminole Wars; and the persistent phenomenon of maroons everywhere in the slave region.

This novel reflects the author's belief that the views of slavery in the United States associated with the names of Frank Tannenbaum and Stanley Elkins —which, *in substance,* are those of U.B. Phillips, the classical apologist for plantation slavery—are valid. The data do not support such views, however; and whether "Sambo" is seen as the creation of racism or the creation of a latter-day socio-psychological environmentalism, the fact is that "Sambo" is a caricature and not a reality.

Nat Turner, however, *was* real; perhaps a novelist will yet come along to do justice to him, as, about thirty years ago, Arna Bontemps did justice to another great slave rebel, Gabriel, slave of Prosser, also of Virginia, in his book *Black Thunder.*

*These are Styron's words in his review of my *American Negro Slave Revolts,* in the *New York Review of Books,* September 26, 1963.

Earnest Revolutionary

THE REVOLUTIONARY. *By Hans Koningsberger. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 212 pp. $4.95.*

PETER BEREK
Mr. Berek teaches English at Williams College.

Why does the intelligent, educated, attractive son of well-to-do parents decide to throw a bomb at a judge who convicts some striking workers? By what progression of events and emotions does a youth who had every possibility and every reason for accepting his society willfully isolate himself from it and even risk his life to change it? Hans Koningsberger's *The Revolutionary* scarcely attends to the obvious conflicts of men and ideas that one thinks of as radical politics, and instead tries to tell us what it feels like to be such a revolutionary. And to be such a revolutionary, it appears, is to be perpetually uncertain and self-questioning; to live in an alternation of hope and despair, idealism and cynicism. His hero is willing to deny himself to achieve freedom for a whole society, but his great achievement is to attain freedom for himself. He dwells among men who debate doctrines and he tries to work amid a framework of politics, but his true goal is nondoctrinal and nonpolitical: a visionary idea of human happiness.

Koningsberger tries to keep our attention on the responses of the single individual by giving his novel the form of a parable. He makes no clear identification of the time and place of his action (although it is apparently central European and early 20th century). The hero, called only "A.," a young university student who has joined the Radical Party, becomes annoyed with its lack of action, allies himself with the "others" (the "International" — presumably the Communists), and then, still impatient, moves on to the Anarchists. He is disowned by his family, beaten, arrested, expelled from the university, drafted; he deserts the army and becomes a fugitive from the police. He has an unloving affair with a Radical comrade; leaving her

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and the party to move further from "respectable" society, he falls in love with a bourgeois girl he at first meant only to insult. Standing on a bridge, he has a moment of vision of a world where both individual and society, impelled by love, can be fully human and fully free: trying to live up to this vision, he is forced to realize the impossibility of convincing even allies and friends that it is meaningful. He devotes his life to politics while he realizes how inadequate politics is to what really matters.

One has to admire Koningsberger for making the structure of his novel so true to the hesitant and self-conscious character of his hero. Nothing is in *The Revolutionary* merely to be agreeable or entertaining. But in his praiseworthy desire to keep our attention focused on the notion of a revolutionary temperament or set of mind, rather than on the details of any particular time and place, Koningsberger has given up most of the resources of the conventional realistic novel. He makes little attempt to give a full account of the horrors of the world against which A. is rebelling. Most of the people A. meets are counters rather than characters; they have names and social roles—the Radical Professor, the Horrified Father, the Officious Organizer — but no interest as individuals. Finally, the lack of detail in *The Revolutionary* makes it hard for us to understand the character of the hero.

Good novels have been written which do not attend to background, characterization, motivation and suspense, but such a novel must sustain a stylistic intensity that is either beyond Koningsberger's grasp or denied him by the pattern of narration he has chosen. *The Revolutionary* develops like a movie, by cutting from one short scene to another. The total effect of these short chapters (there are seventy-three of them in a 200-page novel), presumably intended to create or suggest a mood, becomes repetitious or simply not very interesting. Potentially comic scenes, such as a "day of the poor" when Anarchists, claiming to be officials celebrating the President's birthday, take over a municipal pawnshop and return articles without payment, end before they are well begun. Because we see the action of the book from A.'s point of view, Koningsberger sometimes has trouble making clear which of the hero's thoughts we are to take straight and which ironically. A novel striving for a continual doubleness of vision—and *The Revolutionary* certainly is that—needs a precise narrative control. But the style of *The Revolutionary* is not equal to the author's subtle conception of the nature of the revolutionary temperament and the ironic intentions of his narrative scheme.

A. thinks: "I want to find myself a gypsy to fall in love with, a dark dark girl, born from the earth and music. Abundant, not virginal." If this is lyricism, it is not lyrical enough; if adolescent extravagance, not silly enough. When A. sees his mother despite his father's ban on such meetings, "he felt a wave of tenderness toward her go through him. 'I do love you, you know,' he said to her. She smiled at him." This is the flattest kind of Novelistic Narration; it suggests no human relationship at all.

In a poem by Brecht that Koningsberger uses as an epigraph to *The Revolutionary*, the poet says: "There was little I could do. Yet our rulers/Would have been happier without me, I hoped." This wry understatement of the goals of the revolutionary catches the essence of the achievement of the hero of the novel: to be revolutionary is almost fruitless, yet essential. In his honesty about this unspectacular vision, Koningsberger has refused to provide us with any of the obvious entertainments his subject might suggest. Perhaps this honesty of imagination is more important than some partial failures of craft.

The American Unconscious

THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE UNCONSCIOUS. *By John Seeley. International Science Press. 456 pp. $8.95.*

JOHN BRIGHT

Mr. Bright is a novelist and screen writer.

There are many bigotries besides the familiar noxious ones fortified by illiteracy and bile. In the lofty worlds of scholarship there are bigotries fortified by learning and arrogance. They are not as nakedly damaging as those on the sewer level, but they are hurtful nevertheless because they sabotage the basic purpose of knowledge itself, which includes the deepening of human understanding and the extension of control through the process.

Mencken put it bluntly when he spoke of "learned donkeys." Ellul explains the breed in terms of the necessities imposed by technology, an overlord of man's creation, fragmenting comprehension and dimming humanism.

So there are "separate" sciences, like separate skills, and they pursue their discrete ways in airy disregard—as if they were different sects of monks trudging toward Heaven by diverse paths.

The Americanization of the Unconscious is a brilliant and persuasive argument against this overconfident "boxing off" of disciplines because their approaches seem to dictate mutual exclusion. Seeley's address here is to sociology (his own specialty) and psychoanalysis, two bodies of thinking with an apparent polarity in the explanation of man's behavior.

The title of the book has nothing to do with infiltration of our psyche from the Right, but is concerned, not fearsomely with revolution; in fact, a pair of them—the sociologist revolution and one inspired by "the psychiatrist as reluctant revolutionary." Between them they have effected, often unintentionally, radical and pervasive changes in man's group and individual behavior (and misbehavior), his institutions, values and norms. "We are in the process of producing, if we have not already produced, a distinctly American Unconscious."

A "distinctly American Unconscious" is scarcely an idea to intrigue a Freudian of the classical mold, but I suspect it would have charmed Freud himself. What Seeley seems to be saying, accommodating to the psychological vocabulary, is that the cultural convolutions and the psychological impacts have resulted in a

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new and quite indigenous pattern of responses to internal and external stimuli. (It is fascinating to speculate upon the application of the thesis to other cultures: Soviet, Nigerian, Bahamian, Portuguese and Vietnamese.)

Unlike his orthodox colleagues, Seeley is not above value judgments. He believes this newly developed American Unconscious can move toward a "manipulative society" (as indicated by Vance Packard) or a "therapeutic community." The former can lead to Orwellian disaster; the latter can eventuate in "a humanity more human than any we have ever known. . . . Only if we can bring out of the consulting room into the society . . . the intelligent affection that contains and domesticates the otherwise threatening possibilities of insight, only if we can institutionalize these in public life, can we hope that we have called out the forces of life rather than tapped on the door of death's angel."

What Dr. Seeley asks for, to help bring about the humanistic alternative, is a "beneficial encounter" between sociologists and psychologists to enrich and fulfill the relationship of man-in-society and society-in-man. What is called for is not synthesis, nor incorporation, for a merger of the two disciplines would cause each to "lose all distinction of identity, or, unduly bristling, [to] refuse conjugation for fear of engulfment." Just as a successful marriage is no threat to sexual distinctiveness (on the contrary) so can the "encounter," the dialogue and complementarity of the behavioral sciences bear fine fruit.

As marriage broker, Seeley brings to his task, besides wit and imagination, a logic that is Aristotelian because of insistence upon definition. No wedding, to say nothing of enduring wedlock, is possible without recognition of terms, methodology, boundaries and ground rules—including the cancellation of the game because of rain.

It might reasonably be asked: why is such a conjugation necessary? Why cannot sociology and psychology pursue their separate usefulnesses to man without being in tandem, or at least close association? Seeley replies that the tandem is implicit in a joint etiology—a common preoccupation with human behavior. "If we say, for instance, that alteration in family behavior affects the behavior of members of the family we are talking sheer animism; altered family behavior is altered family *member* behavior." *(Italics his.)*

Seeley recognizes that many attempts have been made in both disciplines to break through a rigid dichotomy. "The psychoanalysts come to terms with what David Reisman has called the 'dirty secrets' of sociology: social class, ethnicity, and the like; the sociologists come to terms with the corresponding dirty secrets of the analysts: sex and aggression." So we have, in one area, the "interpersonal relations" of Harry Stack Sullivan, Erik Erikson's ceaseless dialectic, and the socially based explorations of Fromm, Horney and Kardiner. And they have their opposite numbers in sociology, such as Reisman, Packard and, of course, Dr. Seeley himself.

Such minds, however, are tributaries. The main streams of both islands are confined by orthodoxy and dense with obscurantism. Sometimes the opaqueness is deliberate, to conceal thin or obvious ideas, as with Talcott Parsons. (That the Harvard guru is capable of clear vigorous writing when he is grappling with a big idea is demonstrated in his exciting synthesis of the internalization theories of Freud and Durkheim.) Sometimes it is a mask to conceal accommodation to the *status quo,* as with Seymour Lipset and other academicians of comfortable tenure. (The clearest piece of prose given out by Lipset was his denunciation of the student rebellion at Berkeley.)

Then there is the retreat into trivia, the insignificant or, at best, the less significant. Seeley observes that "we flee, I believe, in motive as well as in effect, from the larger questions, just as we divert resources, and, worse, attention from these much more far-reaching matters. American sociology and psychology go that way, I believe, not on the mere ground of scientific safety or ease of management of the problem but from covert alliances with the going order, in its major aspects, already in the heart of the scientist."

A comparison of the official house organs of the two professions reveals a common turgidity, dreary when not downright unintelligible.

Yet, happily, there are Young Turks in both camps. *Sociology on Trial* (which contains an excellent piece by Seeley) indicates the counter-force to the Brahmins, as does *Trans*-action, ably edited by Alvin Gouldner. Psychoanalysis likewise has its dissidents, a movement which would be led by Freud himself if he were alive to roar at the conformity he never practiced.

Dr. Seeley writes with such illumination on so many subjects—mental health, education, the family, social pathology, to name but a few—that it is almost cavalier to demand other dimensions in his thinking. It is usually regarded as unfair, a critic's dirty trick, to complain what a book is *not.* But Seeley's omissions and underemphases relate sharply to his focus on the "distinctive American Unconscious," and his most legitimate proposal for cross-fertilization of sociology as well as psychology "in the context of committed action."

Are there not *other* forces—outside and beyond the purviews of sociology and psychology—that contribute very importantly to man's inner and societal life? Galbraith, in *The New Industrial State,* thinks so; and C. Wright Mills, more pejoratively, thought so too. It is not a narrow determinism, nor animism, to insist that man-made structures, after leaving the assembly line, develop a special dynamics of their own. The technological superstructure analyzed by Ellul is one example. War is another, more hideous, illustration.

Dr. Seeley's refusal to invite two more guests to his "think-in"—economics and political science—makes the party more cheerful, but their dour presence would be a guarantee against euphoria.

Down and Out in Havana

INCONSOLABLE MEMORIES. *By Edmundo Desnoes. Translated by the author. The New American Library. 155 pp. $4.50.*

RICHARD J. WALTON

Mr. Walton, a former correspondent at the United Nations, is at work on a book about Adlai Stevenson at the UN, to be published next year by Coward-McCann. He visited Cuba before the Castro regime came to power.

It is probably unfair to the author but almost inevitably *Inconsolable Memories* must be treated more as a political-cultural event than as a novel. As the first post-revolution novel by a Cuban resident to be published in the United States, it is an event, particularly since so many North Americans are hungry for information about Cuba and look for that peculiar truth often found more in fiction than in journalism. For those who believe that a novel should be assessed as a novel, and not as anything else, it may be some consolation that the author, a Cuban book editor who lived and worked in the United States for ten years, must have expected just such treatment.

This honest book does tell a lot about Castro's Cuba although not in terms of housing schemes, literacy programs, industrial development, sugar harvests, or even specifically about the degree of individual freedom in Cuba. But it does tell, in diary form, what life there is like for a middle-class Cuban.

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Desnoes, who makes little attempt to disguise himself, or at least part of himself, as the nonhero, records him as suffering from the most painful kind of love-hate relationship with Cuba, past and present.

> I can't think of the Cuban bourgeoisie without foaming at the mouth. I hate them with tenderness. Feel sorry for them; for what they could have been and what they wasted out of plain stupidity. For a time I tried to convince them to go into politics, throw out all those professional politicos and tin soldiers, find out what was happening in the rest of the world. I insisted that they had to modernize the country: put an end to all those thatched huts and all that Cuban rhythm and primitive gaiety and force everybody to study mathematics. Nothing. All wasted. And I've gone down with them. Alone here now.

And later he writes of a middle-class friend that "He thinks the government is going to fall because they no longer import cars with long tail fins."

In a splendid long scene at Hemingway's house, in which he mocks both its glorification as a museum and the faithful retainer who shows visitors around, Desnoes' nonhero feels "love and hate toward Hemingway; I admire him and at the same time he humiliates me. The same as my people, it's the same feeling I have when I think of Fidel, of the revolution. Permanently split; I can't even agree with a part of myself."

Yet while he rails against the bourgeoisie, he doesn't shrink from saying:

> . . . now there is only flat socialist equality for all. There's no future for me; the future is worked out by the State. The future of a bourgeois . . . has been reduced to zero. The only refuge left to me is the mind, and the revolution has even broken into this hideout like a bull in a china shop. They've eliminated bourgeois freedom in order to plan the workers' future. There's even a weird morbid pleasure in knowing that people like me are slowly becoming extinct.

This helps to explain the constant stream of middle-class refugees from Cuba. There is still an economic place for them there but no psychological place unless they change, and like most of us, they can't. But Desnoes, who was working in New York as an editor of *Visión*, a Spanish-language Latin-American news magazine, swam against the stream. A cosmopolite more at home in New York, he returned to Havana in 1960 even though, as he has his diarist write:

"It no longer looks like the Paris of the Caribbean, as tourists and whores used to call it. Now it looks more like the capital of a banana republic in Central America, one of those dead, underdeveloped cities. . . ."

Alienated from Cuban middle-class society and unable to adjust to the drab, controlled society that replaced it, Desnoes presumably returned and stayed because he thought his place was there. A brave act this, but the author doesn't think so. Of Desnoes' earlier novel, the diarist says: "He must be fishing for official approval. The artist, the true artist (you know that, Eddy) will always be an enemy of the state." And Desnoes the author says of Desnoes the character: "He even wrote an article against that New York news magazine for Spics, *Visión*, where he'd worked for over four years. If it was such a reactionary magazine, he shouldn't have stayed there in the first place. He resigned when the magazine started its attacks against the revolution. That's what he said. What a farce! He came back because he was a nobody in New York: to show off in underdevelopment."

After describing Eddy sitting on a lecture platform looking like a judge and smoking in lordly fashion a cigar pulled from the inside pocket of his blue Prince of Wales suit, Desnoes has his nameless diarist write: "Once you were young and pure, Eddy, and look at yourself now, Edmundo Desnoes."

Although he, himself, and Cuba (pre- and post-revolutionary) are the chief targets for his pitiless criticism, Desnoes has a bit left over for the Russians (and Americans): "Always the same. Emissaries of the great world power down visiting their colonies. Humbler men than most Americans, true, and without any holdings in Cuba—but deep down their attitude is very much alike. Be-

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).

1. Date of filing: October 1, 1967.

2. Title of publication: THE NATION.

3. Frequency of issue: weekly, except July and August when bi-weekly.

4. Location of known office of publication (Street, city, county, state, zip code): 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers (Not printers): 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor:

Publisher (Name and address):
James J. Storrow Jr.
333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

Editor (Name and address):
Carey McWilliams
333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

Managing Editor (Name and address):
Robert L. Hatch, Jr.
333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

7. Owner (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given). Name: The Nation Associates, Inc., (no stockholders), 333 Sixth Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10014; Carey McWilliams, Pres. and Treas., 333 Sixth Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10014; James J. Storrow Jr., Vice-Pres. and Sec., 333 Sixth Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10014.

8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities (If there are none, so state): None.

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10. Extent and nature of circulation. Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months; single issue nearest to filing date.

A. Total no. copies printed (net press run): Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 42,140; single issue nearest to filing date, 40,800.

B. Paid Circulation:

1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 3,681; single issue nearest to filing date, 3,900.

2. Mail subscriptions: Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 27,817; single issue nearest to filing date, 27,370.

C. Total Paid Circulation: Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 31,498; single issue nearest to filing date, 31,270.

D. Free Distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means: Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 160; single issue nearest to filing date, 160.

E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D): Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 31,658; single issue nearest to filing date, 31,430.

F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 10,482; single issue nearest to filing date, 9,370.

G. Total (Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A): Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months, 42,140; single issue nearest to filing date, 40,800.

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sides, what they can't take away in dollars they get out of us in propaganda." Even in Cuba, Russians and Americans have come to resemble each other.

Viewed strictly as a novel, *Inconsolable Memories* is a deliberate monotone of existential despair relieved only (or perhaps accentuated) by frequent flashes of sardonic humor and perceptive observations. There is virtually no plot or dialogue, just a series of "inconsolable memories," including several unhappy affairs, reeling out of the mind of a man deep in depression. Too much self-centered despair for some readers, no doubt, although others, like this reader, will find themselves pulled along by the clean, colloquial language (Desnoes did his own translation) and by sympathy for this nonhero, for it is not only in Cuba that men find themselves out of step with their society. A glance at any newspaper is cause for depression. Indeed, if postwar literature is any criterion, perhaps despair is the normal state of the mid-20th-century man.

But, for the time being at least, the book's great value is in what it tells us about Cuba, implicitly as well as explicitly. There is no way of knowing here how many—if any—books have been suppressed by the guardians of Cuban thought, but this one was published in Cuba and the United States. And even though the book is unsparingly critical of Cuba after the revolution, Desnoes kept his job at the Cuban national book publishing company. In most post-revolutionary situations the fact that the book was based on the assumption (in this case more often implied than stated) that the revolution was just and necessary would not have saved the author from the wrath of the zealots.

If other Cuban artists have this freedom—and there is evidence that at least some do—it is a good and significant sign among the bewildering profusion of signs, good and bad, that makes Castro's revolution so difficult to assess. Further, *Inconsolable Memories* would be even more important if it has begun to open a permanent breach in the cultural barriers between two nations only 90 miles apart. If these barriers are to be removed, as eventually they must, the first steps necessarily must be taken by the one country so infinitely stronger than the other. In the meantime, *Inconsolable Memories* is an honest look at Cuba, well worth reading in its own right.

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THEATRE/ Harold Clurman

I had seen *Stephen D.*, Hugh Leonard's adaptation of Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Stephen Hero,* four years ago in London and had been only mildly impressed by it. When I heard that it was to be produced here, I doubted that it could interest an audience not already familiar with the books of which it is a sort of staged reading. And for those who had read them, I thought, any adaptation must prove inadequate and disappointing. Certainly it is not a conventional play, but my companion of the evening, who had never read a line of Joyce, was moved by it. And by present standards, any performance by actors on the stage which shapes to a meaning and stirs us is a play.

I could not imagine myself caring for *Stephen D.* in New York because the actors would not bring to it the authenticity of the London production, which was composed of the largely Irish Gate Theatre company of Dublin. But, oddly enough, though the local troupe lacks certain Joycean qualities I found the production at the East 74th Street Theatre more touching, closer to me.

For all the song in his writing, there is an astringency in Joyce, a toughness, even a cold nastiness which one may find repellent. But Joyce is all the greater for conveying the unpleasantness in the environment and the people which his work sets before us. This is his realism. The clammy wetness, the discomfort, the crabbiness, the obscenity, the stale intimacy of the little Dublin world are all present without mitigation in Joyce's writing.

Some of these elements endured in Joyce's very being. He who had lived most of his life in Europe carried the dirt of the Dublin streets on the soles of his shoes wherever he went, just as he never completely got over the effects of his early religious training though he abjured and loathed it. It is this perhaps that gives his work a special sort of universality: that he was able to cherish what he cursed, that he faced and accepted what to begin with had offended and wounded him. There is in Joyce an all-embracing yea along with the mockery and blasphemy of his nay.

The New York production is softer than the one I saw in London. The actors bring an unconscious lyricism to the material without stagy eloquence. They are perhaps less "professional" than the London company, but a certain naïveté in them endows the play with a tenderness which it very much needs and is, in fact, of its essence.

What finally is the import of *Stephen D.* as we now receive it? It is the poem of a resolute conscience emerging from the soil of a young man's painfully repressive, ungracious background. The quarrels about Parnell in the parental home are very funny to us, but they must have lacerated Stephen. The sermon on hell may make us laugh (especially as it it cut by more than half in the adaptation), but it could have been no less than terrifying to the boy. The wish to believe, the imperative to deny, the offense against his mother's susceptibilities, the need to atone and the powerful urge to "sin," the struggle against religious bigotry and cultural narrowness—all these must have put an unspeakable burden on the boy that was and the man to be.

When in the youth there grows the determination, "I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can . . . using for my defense the only arms I allow myself to use—silence, exile and cunning," and later when he says, "I do not fear to be alone . . . or to leave whatever I have to leave. And I am not afraid to make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake . . . " we are inspired as by the birth of a brave soul.

Though it is clear that he is a frightful egotist, such a man in our day and age of laxity, compromise and moral indifference attains a heroic stature. His credo, pushing its way through doubt, disarray and error, moves us intimately. When, after all his negations, we hear him cry out, "O Ireland, my first and only love," we find ourselves on the verge of tears. The play then becomes not simply about the writer Joyce but a play for all those for whom the epithet "idealist" need not have a hollow ring.

Is it necessary to add that the writing of *Stephen D.*, being entirely culled from the original sources, is music to the ear and a spur to the mind? Some fine prose passages do not "cross" in the theatre because they are not impelled by a specific dramatic intention, but for the most part the play works as comedy and drama with sure and often profound effect.

The production and acting under James Waring's direction is not always of one piece and at moments clumsy, but the very lack of a self-confident rhetoric in the company proves more telling than a studied aplomb. Stephen Joyce's reading of Stephen D. is clear, unembellished, intelligent and sincere. William Prince is excellent as Father Arnall who delivers the vile sermon on

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hell with something like benevolence. Dermot McNamara brings a comic candor to the role of Davin, one of Stephen's classmates. The truest acting (in the sense of characterization) is that of Roy Scheider as Stephen's chum Cranly. His portrayal combines goodness of heart with an asperity more feigned than real.

It is unlikely that there will be many more rewarding evenings in our theatre this season.

FILMS

HAROLD CLURMAN

I said last week that most of the exhibits I saw at the New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center (thirteen in all) struck me as "sad." The modern posture, however, is to treat everything, no matter how dreadful, as a joke. The more facetious pictures were ironical, the more painful detached and cold.

An exception may be found in the Soviet film *Sons and Mothers*. It is about Lenin's mother and devotional in spirit. Its most touching aspect was the purity of Elena Fadeyeva's countenance in the central role. The film is admirably photographed.

The Hungarian entry *Father* (Grand Prize at the Moscow Festival) has an honestly humane air not without humor. The picture suggests that the confrontation with the humble facts of life is the base for health, while "fantasy" no matter how innocent spells confusion. *Father* is free of distortion by ideology or by formalist pretension.

The West German contributions were of diverse cinematic quality but were in one way related in significance. *Yesterday's Girl*, somewhat discontinuous and elliptical in narrative technique, reveals heartlessness, a heavy-handed bureaucratic attitude, a pedantry in the new Germany similar to what prevailed in the old. Very little of this film is sentimental; its best sequences are bluffly comic. The more straightforward of the two pictures, *Young Toerless*, based on a novel by the Austrian Robert Musil, is every way more thoroughly realized. Still, it is not without its own ambiguity.

It tells the story of the cruel hazing of a weak-willed student at a German secondary school for well-born youths before the First World War. Toerless, played by an actor with handsomely regal features, observes the hazing, which includes homosexual assault, with a mixture of distaste and dispassion. The pretext for the cruelty is that the victim has stolen some money from a fellow student. Toerless and another classmate are told about the theft by the boy from whom the money was taken. All three agree that the culprit must be punished. The immediately injured party is a bully, the second boy is a conscious amoralist. Though of finer fiber, Toerless never interferes with the sadistic practices of the other two beyond making tentative gestures of protest. He leaves the school premises in order to think over what he must do.

When interrogated as to the reason for his absence without permission, Toerless explains that the sight of the violence inflicted on the hapless student — in which by the way the whole class finally joins—fascinated him objectively. Everyone involved, he reasons, is a normal youth; yet all lent themselves to what amounted to torture of their unfortunate classmate. Toerless himself participated in the ugly event through his passivity.

The parallel with the German people under Hitler and the defense of some of the worst criminals at the postwar trials is unmistakable. Beyond that, a point which might be described as "existentialist" is made—a point which may be functionally useful but which I suspect of being dangerous. If we are all capable of deliberate, senseless yet somehow rationalized savagery (after all what the boys do may be interpreted as the "correction" of a thief), in the name of what are we to forbear? What reason, apart from social expediency, have we for checking the brutal aggressiveness which, it is argued, is "normal" to us? No answer is immanent in the picture. That is what makes it somewhat ambiguous. But its detail is exact and presented with restrained force. The final touch is ironically telling: all the boys are permitted to remain in school except Toerless who is dismissed because of his "excitable" nature which he had betrayed by having taken overnight leave without permission.

The Yugoslav film, *An Affair of the Heart*, contains a sly comment which in view of the politics of its particular origin should be noticed. On the surface the picture is a commonplace story about an affair between two rather uninteresting people: the girl a telephone operator at the central exchange, the man a state-employed exterminator of rats.

The affair begins with casual banality, mounts to a domestic (though not marital) felicity, and because of a momentary lapse of fidelity on the girl's part (which causes pregnancy) ends with her accidental death by drowning due to the man's attempt at suicide in a moment of drunken despair.

There are points to be noted in passing. The first is that the girl's breach of faith is explained by the fact that, being Hungarian, she finds it extremely difficult to be without a man for two months. (Presumably nothing like this would have happened if she were pure Yugoslav.) And then too, as in most pictures nowadays, there are shots of what by this time may be called the obligatory nude. In *An Affair of the Heart* the nudity is rather refreshingly matter of fact. If I pause to remark on this here it is because of the contrast with the Soviet code which makes such exposure unthinkable.

Even more pertinent to the picture's significance than its canny touches of ribaldry (I refer to the illustrated sex lecture which opens the picture and another on the instruments and detection of crime) are the scenes in which the lovers in their preliminary and more intimate embraces watch television. What they see at first is the destruction of religious symbols and places of worship during the early days of the Bolshevik victory and later a view of workers marching to the tune of stirring songs

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celebrating the new and glorious times to come when the revolution will have remade mankind and all would be new and different.

What the picture says is that the "new day" is not yet here and that most of the ordinary citizenry is pretty much as it always has been. Some may say, "So much the better," others, "Too bad," still others, "History is slow."

That the so-called Communist countries west of the Soviet Union are more gamy and certainly far less "orthodox" in their films than their big brother is evidenced by the two Polish entries to the festival, both directed by Skolimowski. One of them, *Le Départ*, was shot in Belgium and spoken in French. It was very well liked by the majority of the festival's audience. It is the fanciful tale of a young hairdresser who is wild about motoring and the excitetment of driving at perilous speed.

The picture is lighthearted and occasionally witty. The synopsis furnished to the press tells us that in the end the young man "opts for sex over racing cars," but the cinematic metaphors employed in the final sequence left me with exactly the opposite impression: the machine supersedes the girl. The boy is impotent. The implication appeared to tickle most of the spectators.

I found Skolimowski's Warsaw film *Barrier* an "experimental" cheat. It purports to mirror the havoc of misunderstanding between the new and old generations in Poland—on the whole as a reproof of the new—in surrealist imagery. Once again the manner is flippant and comically extravagant but the effect here is not only opaque but dull. The director seems unsure of himself, as if fearing some political reprisal. In any case, the result is a symptom of immaturity and of a certain vulgarity. To stand at the crossroads of moral or political decision is no sin, but to conceal this by supercilious nonchalance or arty cleverness may very well be.

For a long time the Russians were held to be "enigmatic"; I find the Swedes strange. Their greatest writer Strindberg was long regarded as an individual case, but the agony in his work and its occasional release in a mysticism which veers between hysterical religiosity and spiritual exaltation seems to recur in lesser forms in virtually all the Swedish art with which I am familiar. Swedish films offer particularly striking examples.

In the comedy *Hugs and Kisses*, the unfeeling playfulness of a middle-class husband who invites an impecunious school chum, now an unsuccessful writer, to be his house guest leads to odd complications. When the slightly eccentric guest gets to be boisterously overfamiliar his host, to be rid of the intruder, resorts to all sorts of hoaxes involving sex. But the tables are turned and the husband loses his wife to the guest. The husband becomes a household fixture, reduced to standing by as a sort of puzzled accomplice to his wife's infidelity.

This is told tongue in cheek. We are shown the vigorous contact of bodies, but no joy. Sex is central but not essential. Feeling and sentiment hover over and around the couples as a kind of unholy ghost, disturbing without being serious. Sensuality produces pain through its failure to provide comfort or grace. This I say is eminently Swedish. Many of us elsewhere understand it and may acknowledge its reality. When translated into film some are amused but a great number are put off.

On the other hand, sex on the level of ecstatic love becomes poetry in a beautifully made picture (in gratifying color and sensitive composition) called *Elvira Madigan*. Based on an actual event evidently well known in Sweden, it is about a young lieutenant who abandons his wife and two children and deserts the army for a famous circus dancer. Both, in short, renounce everything to consummate their love in idyllic hiding in Denmark.

Pure as their love may be—and it is superbly conveyed—they are doomed. Both die in a suicide pact. Boundless love is destined to destruction—a wildly romantic notion which exerts a certain appeal everywhere. But it strikes me in this instance as the opposite pole to the particularly Swedish cold and frivolous obsession with sex.

The picture gains immeasurably in conviction not only by the delicacy of Bo Widerberg's direction but by the excellence of the cast, especially Thommy Berggren as the lieutenant and the enchanting 17-year-old Pia Degermark.

With John Korty's *Funnyman* we are home. It was the festival audience's favorite picture. It is about the "redemption" of a comic from a San Francisco night club through the solace of sane love. He has a series of silly affairs till he meets a sensible girl, a model in the nude for a Japanese artist and baby sitter in the artist's home.

The picture pleases with affable satire on the imbecilities of the television business: agencies, advertising executives, programs. A certain offhand, loose-jointed, relaxed good nature is the picture's chief asset. Indeed it constitutes its meaning.

The comic, fed up with what he feels are his inconsequential chores as a performer, is brought by his new-found girl friend to the realization that the night-club and television efforts he scorns are more valid self-expressions than his attempt to become deeply significant. It is the picture's gentle sagacity that one must do what one can to speak honestly in one's own voice, no matter how small the sound.

No point is insisted upon, but the tone is one of smiling reconciliation with the crazy brouhaha of our civilization. Amid the disarray and disaffection, this is what so many nowadays wish to hear: that we must live and speak companionably. It absolves us from seeking salvation in ideologies. This is an amiably American and as it were Pacific (or San Francisco?) way out of our dilemma. Peter Bonerz as the funnyman embodies the attitude very pleasantly. The picture is *amateur* in the friendly sense of the word.

Mr. Clurman covered the New York Film Festival in the absence of Robert Hatch from the city. Mr. Hatch will resume his regular column in an early issue.

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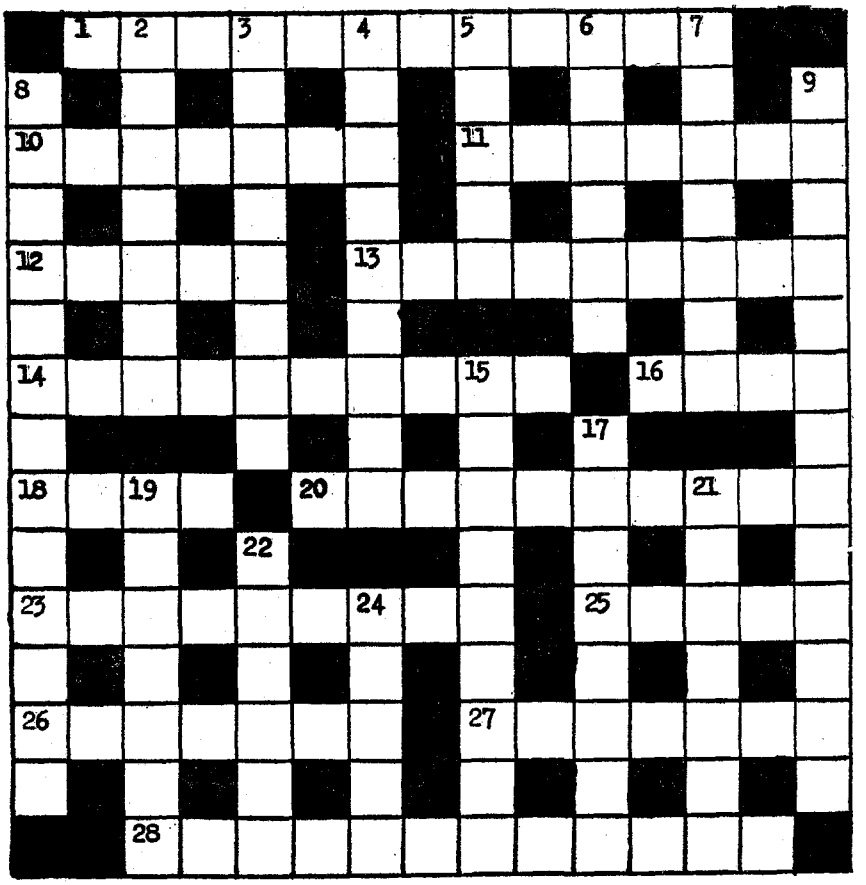
Crossword Puzzle No. 1219

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Might be 13, or 17, or 19, as the first *illustration.* (5,7)
10 Goes out of business, and doesn't talk about it. (5,2)
11 Hit everything — and nothing — in port. (7)
12 A number talk like mad with desire. (5)
13 Prometheus was by the vulture daily, and finally by Hercules. (9)
14 Were people forgotten in such dungeons? (10)
16 Looking back on the star, she seems to be five years old. (4)
18 It's nothing to see the text, in short, created by the poet. (4)
20 Does the prosecutor appear to be in favor of the motorcycle gang, or are we merely being brainwashed by it? (10)
23 Be Prepared? Not if it's this. (9)
25 Hispaniola, in part. (5)
26 Realite, in place of the artist? (7)
27 Attic dwellers might supply themselves with this and others like it. (7)
28 It's a big waste! (6,6)

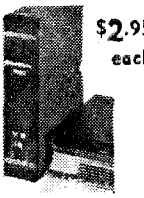
DOWN:

2 Plant the seeds of heated discussion in it. (7)
3 Hypnotic. (8)
4 One might expect him to be speeding. (9)
5 March past when this appears. (5)
6 Russian cubist who sounds somewhat like a muffin. (6)
7 Make bigger, in general. (7)
8 Hog calls 1 copy, but not regular warfare type. (13)
9 One helped in a way, while others made their crossing. (4,9)
15 Set forth. (9)
17 They're supposed to know a lot of breakfast food tycoons. (8)
19 Stamp of influence? (7)
21 Isn't this or that controlled by the rein? (7)
22 Elegance of tongue? (6)
24 One of cheese is rather cheap. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1218

ACROSS: 1 Stocking caps; 9 Skedaddled; 11 Silicate; 12 Canard; 13 Onset; 15 Spiteful; 16 Attracts; 19 Notes; 21 Reason; 22 Refigure; 24 Fair; 25 Check stubs; 26 Mills grenade. DOWN: 2 Take it on the lam; 3 Caddies; 4 India; 5 and 10 Galley slave; 6 Addiction; 7 Silence; 8 Oversubscribed; 14 Technical; 17 Rostrum; 18 Streets; 20 Tighten; 23 Fakir.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address your request to Puzzle Department, *The Nation,* 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014.



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RALLY: 2:30 PM at field near Pentagon

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